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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXI. No. 786. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS

THAT no problem can be solved and no peace made without agreement between Russia and the Western Powers is a truism that has been repeated from a thousand platforms in the last two years. For once the political pundits have been right. Agreement has not been reached; alike in the Far East, the Middle East and Europe the consequences are to be seen in active conflict or uneasy oscillation. Soviet behaviour in Persia is difficult to interpret on any assumption other than that the Kremlin has decided during the last few months that accommodation with the Western Powers is impossible, and that the best policy for Russia is to extend her frontiers where she can, creating satellites around her borders and proclaiming herself the champion of workers and peasants throughout the world. This can, indeed, be read into Stalin's broadcast "interview," replying to Mr. Churchill's speech and making, among other points, the comment that it was the presence of hostile governments in neighbouring countries that enabled Hitler to invade the U.S.S.R. Not content with creating an autonomous Azerbaijan, the U.S.S.R. has refused to remove her troops from Persia on the promised day, and there are now alarming, but as yet unconfirmed, reports that Soviet forces are on the move in Persia. Nor is this an isolated instance. Soviet economic pressure in Manchuria, where the Chinese, including some of the Chinese Communists, object to the wholesale removal of machinery, has roused anti-Russian feeling in Chungking as well as in Washington. Once again the U.S.S.R. appears to be wantonly throwing away the good will she had built up, and provoking national hostility where a more careful policy would have enabled her without risk steadily to extend her influence. The Soviet Union has not even replied to diplomatic Notes from Washington and London.

How far this Soviet policy has been caused by the attitude of the West, and how far the West would have gone to meet the legitimate fears of the Russians if Moscow had maintained the co-operative spirit of Yalta, no one can say. If Mr. Bevin had desired to suggest to the world that the real object of Britain in Greece is to secure a strategic outpost against the Soviet Union, he could have chosen no better means than his present Greek policy. Ten members of the moderate Greek Government which we had set up have now resigned, declaring that elections under present conditions, with the Left abstaining, can have no other possible results than a Right-wing dictatorship or civil war. Yet Mr. Bevin insists that elections should be held. The natural deduction is that he is no longer thinking of democracy or even of preventing Fascism, but only of strengthening the forces of the Right in his battle against pro-Soviet elements. Nor has he yet done anything to counter the gathering forces of White reaction in Eastern Europe. General Anders and his Poles are still drilling, and openly discussing war with the Soviet Union. They are in touch with Fascists inside Poland; a network of intrigue is centred in Rome and has an important branch in Paris. It includes Greek and Yugoslav quislings and other "collaborators." It has close connections with the Vatican, and if one wishes to hear open discussion of war with the Soviet Union, the least discreet sources of information are British Embassies in Warsaw and other Eastern European capitals.

As long as this situation of "cold war" exists, no post-war problem can be solved. What chance of success has the Commission now studying the frontier question in Trieste? What prospects are there for an Italian peace treaty unless Moscow, London and Washington can come to terms? Most important of all, while this quarrel remains, what hopeful end can there be to the disastrous Anglo-Russian struggle for possession of the body and soul of the prostrate German Reich?

The Problem of Germany

Very soon decisions must be made about the Ruhr and the Rhineland. The Potsdam agreement that there should be a single economic system for Germany has not been carried out. A complete deadlock has been reached in discussions on the Ruhr and the overall figure for German industrial production. The Russians, on this point supported by the Americans, fear that we intend to make it possible for Germany to be re-armed, and seek to prevent this by maintaining a minimum of steel and heavy engineering production; the French, with the same fear in front of them, demand that the Ruhr and the Rhineland should be politically cut off from the rest of Germany. The Russians, on the other hand, seeing the possibility of a completely Communist Germany, demand, through German broadcasts in Berlin, that it should be unified, though on the lowest possible economic level. The British, who have now to dig into their few remaining dollars to feed Germany, and have the administration of these industrial areas on their hands, want Germany quickly to produce enough exports to pay for her imports and therefore oppose scrapping existing plant.

To-day we publish an article by Professor G. D. H. Cole which openly faces the political issue of Germany. It may be that in the course of time all Germany will become Communist: it is to be noticed that the "iron curtain" has been recently raised, and experienced observers agree that the redistribution of large estates has conferred great benefits on the peasants, that the Russian Zone is now ordered and comparatively well off, that the excesses that characterised the arrival of the Red Army no longer occur, and that technicians and workers are willingly co-operating with those of the Soviet Union. The attraction of Soviet power and Soviet organisation is likely in the circumstances to increase throughout Germany. Mr. Cole argues that the West, which has different cultural roots from those of Eastern Europe, can only become Socialist in its own way. He believes the best chance of avoiding a head-on conflict is for Britain to accept as inevitable the partition of Germany, to support Social Democracy in Western Europe and make constructive plans for a Socialist Western Germany which can come to terms with the Soviet half of Europe. He wants us to put forward an international scheme, with Soviet participation, by which the Ruhr would be separately administered but not politically severed from the Reich.

Such a proposal will be denounced by the Soviet Union, and nobody will feel that it is more than a makeshift. But if a constructive scheme is put forward by the British, the result may be to show the Russians that the effects of an obstructive attitude are to throw the countries of the Atlantic seaboard together, and to compel the Allies to get on with the essential job of reconstruction, even if the result be to produce the very sort of bloc which Russia fears.

Contrasts in the Far East

Fears of a clash between the French and the Annamese have happily not materialised. The French have had the good sense to recognise the strength of Viet Nam, and on Wednesday last they signed a Convention in Hanoi granting independence to the new Republic as a free state, within the framework of the Indo-Chinese Federation, possessing its own Parliament, army, and monetary system. The Viet Nam Government, having made this settlement, has announced its willingness to welcome French troops when they arrive to relieve the Chinese. For the President, Ho-Chi-Minh, the Treaty is a great personal success, which will be watched closely by other struggling people in Asia. It will be welcomed by neighbouring China; for, as Dr. Wang Shih-chieh stated last week, "such a settlement will not only benefit the people of Indo-China but will have a wholesome effect on the settlement of similar situations elsewhere." This is true. If the Dutch proposals to the Indonesian Republic Government had been similar to those of the French, Dr. Sjahrir would have been able to make as satisfactory and as quick a settlement as his Annamese colleague has made with the French. But behind the Dutch are British bayonets and business interests. The Dutch and British Governments would be wise to learn from the French. An Independent Indonesia within the framework of the Dutch Commonwealth is the only solution.

Production and "Unity"

The next stage in the Government's campaign for higher industrial production is to be a series of triangular conferences between Ministers, trade unionists and employers' representatives in the chief provincial cities. There is also to be a wide distribution in factories of posters proclaiming the need for maximum effort. We question seriously whether all this will lead to very significant practical results. At its special meeting on Tuesday the General Council of the Trades Union Congress was evidently in two minds as to the sort of guidance it should give to trade unions in responding to the Government's appeal. Last week's conference between Ministers and trade union Executives was held in a friendly atmosphere, but left many delegates wondering precisely what concessions the trade unions were expected to make, and what say they were to have in planning reconversion and redeployment of labour. Doubts whether tri-angular negotiations between the Government, employers and employed can get anywhere were deepened by the attitude taken up by leading employers at their conference with Ministers on the following day: collaboration by capitalists in raising output would depend it was made clear, on the Government's willingness to go slow on even its present limited programme of nationalisation measures. As a result, it seems likely that the forthcoming regional conferences will be little more than "pep talks" delivered by Ministers, and that practical negotiations between the Government and trade unions on methods of increasing output will have to be bilateral.

Motor Workers Strike

The mass strike of Coventry automobile workers, scheduled to begin on Wednesday morning, misfired: only a few hundred of the fifty thousand men expected to strike left work. The last minute appeal of the A.E.U. and the T and G.W.U. no doubt persuaded many men to ignore the strike call of the Coventry shop stewards' meeting on Sunday, but the issue involved—sympathetic support for the four thousand Humber employees who have been out for three weeks—was perhaps too particularised to secure a wide-spread response. The case of the Humber strikers is that they are opposing reductions in wage rates which are the prelude to a general offensive by the motor industry against wages. But it must be remembered that wartime piece-rates in Coventry were unusually high; some attempt by the employers to whittle them down was to be expected, though this begs the question whether the British motor industry cannot, in fact, afford to maintain high wage rates. In deciding to lock out 12,000 workers on Saturday, Ford's at Dagenham have brought intervention by the Government. The Ford workers, at present attending, *les bras croisés*, have put forward a series of demands for up-grading and codifying wages, and have called on the Government to take over the factory if Ford's go ahead with the lock-out. In this case mediation by the A.E.U. was aborted by the management's attitude

The Coal Board and the Future

Two former leading colliery directors, two mining engineers, a chartered accountant, a physicist, a miners' leader, and Sir Walter Citrine make up the new National Coal Board, on which will rest the responsibility for getting the coal industry back to health and prosperity. A less political team could hardly have been chosen; and it is notable that the Board does not include a single Civil Servant, though some of its members, including Lord Hyndley, the Chairman, have had considerable experience as "temporaries" in wartime Government service. The key people, apart from the Chairman, are the two mining engineers, on whom the main technical tasks will fall, and the two representatives of labour. The engineers were natural choices, and it will be agreed that none better could have been made. Mr. Edwards, a shrewd, practical-minded Northumbrian, is also probably the best choice that could have been made from among the miners. The surprising choice is that of Sir Walter Citrine—not that he should have been asked, but that he should have agreed to leave both the Trades Union Congress and the World Federation of Trade Unions at so critical a time for them both. It will not be easy to find either the right Secretary for the T.U.C. or the right representative of British Trade Unionism in dealing with the ticklish questions of Anglo-Soviet-American labour relations. As for the tasks facing the Coal Board, they are likely to be peculiarly difficult during the transition. Mechanisation will reduce the demand for labour, but will take years; and in the meantime, as Mr. Horner pointed out last week-end, 100,000 additional miners are urgently needed. Where they are to come from, goodness knows; for not even the complete acceptance of the Miners' Charter could produce anything like this number in a market notably short of labour in nearly every industry. Yet the Board will have to get, if not 100,000, a greatly increased flow of new entrants, and will have to make its terms attractive enough to achieve this, however high the bidding may need to be

Medico-political Practice

It is regrettable that the British Medical Association is politically so badly advised. It has now, on the eve of the introduction of the National Health Service Bill, sponsored what is, implicitly, a strike fund. The Association has put up £100,000 and has asked every member to guarantee £25. The National Health Insurance Trust has guaranteed another £100,000, out of funds established to fight Lloyd George's National Health Insurance Act of 1911, when the same intransigence was displayed and when Ll.G. dealt with the threat by a counter-threat to advertise for salaried State Doctors. He did not need to; the doctors capitulated. The funds were not needed and are now to be used in defending the panel system they were collected to oppose. What is reprehensible about the new move, however, is that those who promoted it know perfectly well what is in the Bill. They have just been negotiating advantageous terms of compensation for the abolition of the sale of practices. They know that there is, for doctors who participate in the scheme (and no doctor will be compelled to do so; he can languish in private practice if he prefers) a basic income *plus* a capitation fee *plus* the right to take private patients. They know that "direction," which they conjure up as a bogy, has no substance in the Bill. But, in advance of the Parliamentary disclosure of the terms to the rank and file of the profession, members are being asked to subscribe against contingencies which are unreal. It is, as Dr. Stark Murray of the Socialist Medical Association has said, a bluff. It is crude pressure-group stuff which shows how little the Bourbons of B.M.A. House have learned from the rout of 1911 and the jettisoning of the Willink Scheme which they "pressurised," and how little they understand the temper of the present Commons or the temperament of the present Minister. Doctors would be well advised to defer subscribing and suspend judgment as between the Bill and the B.M.A. until they know what it is all about. And then they should do something about the medico-political staff-work which commits one tactical blunder after another.

British Restaurants

The network of British Restaurants, which began as an emergency measure, is now a social service of great value. The Report drafted by the National Council of Social Service (O.U.P., 3s. 6d.) is a telling argument for the continuation of this system, not only for the period of food shortage which yet remains, but also after conditions become more normal. It is clear from this excellent investigation that British Restaurants filled a need which existed before as well as during the war. At peak, over 21 million main meals were served every week in British Restaurants and industrial canteens. A large proportion of the customers had never eaten out in the middle of the day until the war, though whether they had previously made do with sandwiches or gone home to lunch varies between different areas and occupations. A series of Gallup Polls, taken at intervals throughout the war, shows that never less than 60 per cent. of those questioned were in favour of retaining British Restaurants after the war. The catering trade, according to a special inquiry, makes little criticism of British Restaurants as an emergency service, but fears the precedent of an officially sponsored competitor. But the Report suggests that the commercial café did little to meet the demand for simple cheap meals of good quality, and that in "unprofitable" districts there is a definite social need for good food at prices suitable for the average worker and his family. The case for continuing — under municipal auspices—the British Restaurant as a social service integrated with a national food and nutrition policy seems to us unanswerable. The crucial factor in many cases is finance. But, as the Report indicates, over the country as a whole, profits have more than balanced losses, in spite of the heavy disadvantages—for instance, high wartime cost of equipment for emergencies—under which many British Restaurants have laboured. Given adequate management, improved premises, and a revised system of finance—which is not the main criterion of their success—there is every reason why British Restaurants could remain without injuring the catering trade, and, at the same time, answer a genuine demand.

PARLIAMENT : More Greek Fire

Wednesday

As in the case of Sarawak, the debate on Malayan Union excited the criticism, particularly from the Opposition, that the Colonial Office had been high-handed in disposing of the affairs of native peoples and their rulers. The Tory Gammans, who was proud to be described as the Member for Malaya, opposed the way in which Sir Harold MacMichael had obtained the signatures of the Sultans to constitutional changes; so did Tom Driberg (Malaya South). Gammans quoted a letter to him from the Sultan of Selangor describing the visit of Sir Harold MacMichael who, after telling him that the Sultan of Johore had signed, and surrendered his powers, added: "I ask your Highness . . . not to be recalcitrant." The Sultan answered, "The King is my teacher and I his pupil." Driberg, in an effective speech, pointed out that "we were doing the right thing in the wrong way." He was supported by Sir Stanley Reed, Conservative Member for Aylesbury, who thought that Sir Harold MacMichael must either be a negotiator of transcendent merit or had used "unusual arguments."

The atmosphere of Sultans and *stengahs*, planters and gin *pahits* was freshened by A. V. Alexander's sea-breeze presentation of the Navy Estimates. The First Sea Lord's manner is virile, his language lofty, his imagery robust, his periods rotund—excellent Churchillian *pastiche*, in short. From the Service itself, Skeffington-Lodge (one of the most apposite of Parliamentary interjectors) showed, together with Benn Levy and "Stoker" Edwards, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, that Labour members are not second to the Tories in affection and respect for the Navy.

The Civil Estimates were most notable for the discussion on the loan to Greece. Though Mr. Speaker had indicated that it would be in order to discuss the Greek elections, the Labour benches were sparse. "Where," asked Harold MacMillan, "are the 73 signatories to the statement asking for postponement of the election?" The answer is that, through a coincidence of Parliamentary business, many of them were upstairs in the External Affairs Committee discussing Greece.

Hector McNeil was not at his most comfortable, particularly in his winding-up when some of the External Affairs Committee returned and interrupted him. He said that Beverley Baxter, "in asking for a two months' postponement (of the elections) joined up with the Boys' Brigade." This caused some bewilderment. Could the Under-Secretary mean that Mr. Sophoulis, the Greek Premier, is leader of the Boys' Brigade which advocates postponement? Mr. Sophoulis is 85 — an honorary boy, an Old Boy, but surely not just a boy. Baxter was equally surprised that the Under-Secretary had called him the Member for Bethnal Green. Neither Bethnal Green nor Woodford, he moderately explained, but Wood Green.

"I do not think it is not so—it may be so, but I do not think it is," said the Under-Secretary in reply to an interruption as to whether democrats can appear on the Greek streets.

John Strachey, presenting the Air Estimates, showed once again his distinction and ability as a Junior Minister. He inverts the natural process by making sleeping members wake to hear his statistics. He mingles efficiency with humanity, and treats his Service, not as a total of cyphers, but as a sum of individuals. Hogg, no doubt to reinforce a colleague's Sunday behest to the Premier to inquire into Strachey's "Communist" past before promoting him, sourly suggested that, after leaving the Stormovik of the Communist Party, the Under-Secretary of State was now on the overloaded bandwagon of the Labour Party.

With the Tories diagnosing who are "good" Socialists and who are "bad" ones, the game of Hunt the Left Slippers is now in full swing.

PHINEAS MINOR

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
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POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

FAMINE AND HUMANITY

THE famine conditions that were generally feared at the end of the war have come upon the world in 1946 when most people were hoping for better times. The world food problem presents us with two questions. The first is what action can be taken to mitigate the immediate crisis which threatens during the next few months an acute famine on the Continent of Europe and in India. The second question is whether there is likely to be a long-term world deficiency of food, particularly of wheat and other grain, and what remedial steps, in that event, should be taken.

The answer to this second question is debatable. Optimists argue that, unless there is a repetition this year of the disasters which befell harvests in 1945, no over-all shortage either of wheat or of grain for feed is in sight; currency difficulties may impede distribution, but there will be plenty of cereals in the world. It is admitted that acreage sown to wheat in the chief exporting countries is now smaller by about 15 per cent. than in 1938, but productivity per acre has increased; and though stocks by the end of June may have run down to a figure much lower than the 17 million tons held in 1939—a significant drop from the huge accumulation of 47 million tons three years ago—there is no reason, it is argued, why the United States, Canada, Australia, and the Argentine should not be able to meet the needs of the grain-importing countries, even though European harvests will take some years to regain their pre-war level of productivity. This being so, the long term need is, not an increase in the world output of cereals, but a better-balanced production of foodstuffs, with greater emphasis on livestock and dairy products, in importing and exporting countries alike.

According to other authorities, this view of the long-run cereal outlook is much too sanguine. Even allowing for the fact that, at any rate in North America, production per acre has greatly improved through wider employment of agricultural machinery, the fact remains that the world's population has increased by probably not far short of 100 millions since 1939 (the increase is 40 millions in India alone); that consumption of cereals is likely to be stimulated both by the raising of standards in backward countries and by the adoption of full employment policies in highly developed countries; that the Orient's wheat needs are likely to be increased for years ahead by the dislocation of rice-growing in the chief producing countries; and that in Europe it will take a long time to make good the present deficiency of fertilisers and even of seeds. If these arguments be accepted—and in our view they are valid—it is evident that, for a period of anything from two to five years, the world will have to postpone the adoption of agricultura-policies appropriate to normalcy and to concentrate on the siege economics of intensive cereal production. If producers in the chief wheat-growing countries feel that we are asking them to gamble for our benefit and at their own risk in immediately increasing wheat acreage, the answer surely is for the importing countries to offer long-term bulk purchase contracts at guaranteed future prices.

What of the immediate emergency? Here the time factor is all-important. In the case of India, it is probably now too late to avoid famine conditions, though their severity can be lessened if sufficient transport can be rapidly mobilised for special allocations of wheat from abroad, and if the problem of mal-distribution within India itself can be overcome. But in the case of Europe where, according to Mr. John Hynd, "23 million people in the British Zone of Germany may be faced with mass starvation in the next six weeks or two months," and where U.N.R.R.A. supplies, on which Greece, Italy, Yugoslavia, and Poland are heavily dependent, are becoming increasingly precarious, much can be done to avert disaster if action is taken quickly.

It is not enough to say that it is "up to America." Admittedly the responsibility which the people of the United States bear in this crisis is grave. Not only does American consumption of food per head greatly exceed the pre-war level; there is evidence that wheat is being held back by American farmers in the hope of an increase in the present price ceilings and, in some cases, from a desire to escape the present high taxes on farm profits; and in the United States, no less than in the Argentine, wheat and other cereals are being fed to livestock on an extravagant scale. Even the promise of the U.S. Administration that one million tons of food per month would be shipped to Europe this spring is not being fulfilled. Shipments in February were 15 per cent. below the promised figure, and the performance in March is likely to be much poorer, even if General MacArthur's staggering demand for 1,250,000 tons of food for Japan is not met in full. Mr. Hoover, as Chairman of the Famine Emergency Committee in Washington, is now talking in terms of an additional 7 million tons of cereals for Europe and Asia during the next four months. But this is probably an aim rather than a promise.

As far as Britain is concerned, exhortations to Americans to spare more crumbs from their rich tables for the benefit of starving Europe and Asia would come much better if we furnished an example of willingness to make sacrifices in the cause of common humanity from our own less plentiful resources. There are several ways in which Britain can contribute, austere though our feeding habits already are. Bread is the one food habitually wasted in this country, and something has already been saved by the regulation against supplying bread in restaurants except to those who ask for it. The Ministry's campaign against waste needs reinforcement. In spite of all the administrative complications involved, Britain may be compelled to adopt a system of bread rationing. Apart from bread, the British ration is not susceptible of reduction large enough greatly to contribute to Europe's needs. The saving that could practically be affected by reducing output of biscuits and confectionery is small. Higher extraction from wheat, or making the standard-size loaf a little smaller, might help to a rather larger, but not very significant, extent. Some barley might be saved by curtailing supplies for beer, but there is an early point at which shortage of beer might mean lessened industrial effort. Why work when there is nothing on which to spend your earnings? Probably the Government could safely and wisely reduce the barley used for beer by about one-eighth—which would involve the really useful saving of 100,000 tons of the cereal.

There is one other course open to Britain: what we can do is to place at the disposal of U.N.R.R.A. and of Military Government in Germany a substantial tonnage from our existing food stocks. How large these are is (unjustifiably we think) concealed by the Ministry of Food; but the volume is believed to be well in excess of that normally held before the war. In offering to reduce stocks for the benefit of Europe we should be running a certain risk: in the event of the dollar loan not materialising, our food reserves may have to be drawn on heavily. None the less the risk should not deter us. Common humanity is in itself a sufficient reason for preventing "Belsen" rations in any area in Asia or Europe where the British are responsible. There are reasons of prudence too; the political results —apart from the risks of disease—are unpleasant to contemplate. The simple fact is that it is intolerable to eat decent meals while other people, whoever they are, die of starvation. The effect of Britain stating this simple fact of human brotherhood, and backing precept by practice to the limit of its ability, would be great; America, the most generous as well as the richest of nations, would not fail to respond.

SOCIALISM AND GERMANY

THE desperate urgency of the food situation in Germany must for the time override everything else, for what hope can there be of democratic reasonableness among a starving people? But behind this immediate necessity lies the long-run problem of the future of Germany; and on this issue the great debate has now shifted its emphasis to the question of German Socialism. In their zone the Russians have been pressing hard for fusion between the Social Democratic and Communist Parties, and are doing their best to present the working classes of the rest of Germany with an accomplished fact. The leaders of the Berlin Social Democrats have agreed, but there are signs of strong dissent among their followers. In Western Germany the Social Democratic leaders have refused to agree and have demanded that the whole party throughout Germany shall be consulted before any action is taken in any part of the country to prejudice the issue. It now looks as if fusion in the Eastern Zone will be pushed through despite these protests; and, if it is, the combined party will certainly for the time being tend to reflect Communist rather than Social Democratic views. It will have to work in with the Russians if it is to achieve any practical results under the Russian occupation; and Russian pressure will evidently be applied to make it conform to Russian aspirations in relation to Germany as a whole.

This means that there will be launched from an East German Socialist Party, professing to stand for unity, a strong propaganda for the extension of this unity to the whole of Germany, on the ground that only so can German nationality achieve expression or Germany hope to regain its freedom as a united nation. Working-class unity and national unity will be blended in the slogans of the propagandists operating from Berlin; and if they encounter in the rest of Germany only a vacuum, or merely negative reactions against Russian or Communist domination, they are obviously likely to exercise a considerable appeal. The Social Democrats who stand out against them will be denounced as the enemies of the nation as well as of the true cause of Socialism. Much will be heard of the disastrous effects which working-class disunity had on the fortunes of the Weimar Republic; and, with or without truth, the blame for this disunity will be plausibly fixed on the Social Democrats as the opponents of unity now. Many ex-Nazis or Nazi sympathisers will swell the chorus, in the belief that, by doing so, they can help on the revival of German nationalism; and despite the undoubted strength of anti-Russian feeling in Western Germany the propaganda will not be easy to meet unless the Social Democrats of the West can find a positive answer in place of a mere negation.

What positive answer they can hope to make depends very greatly on the immediate policy of the Western occupying Powers, and especially of the British, who hold the key areas. So far, the advent of a Socialist Government in Great Britain has done little to reinforce the appeal of Social Democracy in Germany, even in the British Zone. The British policy has been one of going deliberately slow with the revival of political activity, including Socialist activity, among the Germans; and even on the industrial side German Trade Unionism has been allowed only a narrowly circumscribed freedom, presumably in the hope of checking any tendency for it to become an instrument of political action rather than an agency for the regulation of industrial relations. There might have been something to be said for this policy if it had been followed, by agreement, in all the occupied Zones; but, as matters are, its effect has been to create a political emptiness in Western Germany, while leaving a practically free run to Communist influences in the East.

Great Britain is clearly powerless to affect in any direct way the fortunes of German Socialism in the Russian Zone. The only check on Communist influence there can come from the German Socialists themselves—both those in the Zone and those outside. But British Socialist influence could count in the development of German Socialist policy in the West, and could help to give that policy a constructive orientation which would make it of greater appeal than it now is to the masses of the German people. This, however, cannot happen unless the British Government is prepared to go a long way further than it has gone so far in fostering Socialist activity in Western Germany, or unless it gives the Socialists of Western Germany something practical to stand for as an alternative to a "National Communism" which may turn out in the long run to bear a dangerous resemblance to the "National Socialism" of the years before 1933.

In other words, German Social Democracy cannot begin to construct a positive policy of its own until it knows where it stands in relation to the Socialism of Great Britain, of France, and of the other Western countries. Unless the Socialists of these countries are prepared to offer the German Socialists, in due course, a place in a reconstructed Western Europe under predominantly Socialist influence, the German Social Democrats can have nothing tangible to offer to the German people as an alternative to the acceptance of Communism as the only possible basis for a recovery of national unity and independence. It is not, however, in this connection mainly a question of being "kinder" to Germany in a political sense. The Russians are not being "kind" to the Germans—not at all. It does indeed happen that there is more food in Eastern than in Western Germany; but that is a consequence, not of Russian kindness, but of sheer fact that the East has long been a "food surplus," and the West a "food deficit" area. The Russians have made no bones about carrying off, as booty or reparations, whatever they have wanted from the areas under their occupation: they have not set out to be "kind." But they have set out, without being "kind," to turn their Zone into a centre for propaganda directed to Germany as a whole, and designed to prevent the re-emergence of Social Democracy, as a force akin not to Communism but to the Socialism of the West, in the minds of the German people.

Now, we in Great Britain mostly believe that, however Communism may fit the conditions of the Soviet Union or of other parts of Eastern Europe, it is not a creed that fits our own conditions or those of other Western countries with large middle, or intermediate, classes and with traditions, of some strength, in favour of personal liberty and political as well as religious toleration. We have long recognised that in Germany and in German Socialism forces and traditions akin to our own have been at battle—long before the rise of Nazism—with forces making for enforced uniformity and concentration of every form of power. These kindred forces were not strong enough in the circumstances to prevent the rise of Hitler to authority; but their very failure was a disaster, not only for Germany, but for all Europe. For without German participation there can be no effective co-ordination of the productive or cultural powers of Western Europe, no achievement of a new foundation for the continuation of what is valuable in the West European tradition, and no rallying point in the world for those peoples which have no wish to be absorbed, economically or culturally, into the respective spheres of the United States and the Soviet Union—or to be ground to pieces between them.

Hitherto, those who have felt this have usually taken their stand on the principle of German unity, in the hope that a united and democratised Germany may become in course of time a true member of the family of West European nations. But to-day, whether we like it or not, the insistence on the unity of Germany leads straight to the conclusion of a Communist Germany, forming part not of a Western group of nations, but of a Russian group determined, under the influence of Russian fears, to prevent the emergence of a Western group in any form. This being the case, British policy has to reconcile itself to the accomplished fact of Soviet control in Eastern Germany, and to consider what is to be done in the West in face of this fact.

It would be disastrous if we were to seek the answer in the obvious retort of trying to integrate Western Germany into a West European group directed against the Soviet Union. To some, that seems the natural answer; but it would be altogether evil in its results. Nor is it a practicable policy, in face of French fears of a renewal of German economic and military strength based on the Ruhr. It is a first condition of effective action in Western Europe that France and Britain shall follow a common policy in dealing with the German problem; and no solution is worth considering that does not make this its primary foundation. The plain conclusion is that we must, by a truly *international* answer to the problem of the Ruhr, at once disarm French fears of German revival, save the productive capacity of Western Germany for the common service of Europe, and offer the Soviet Union a share in the control of the internationalised Ruhr, as one partner in a group in which no State will be able to hold so dominant a position as to determine policy apart from the others.

This solution does not involve severance of the Ruhr from Germany. But it does involve giving over for the present the attempt to create a democratic Government for all Germany. It means thinking in terms of regional Governments, leaving the Soviet Union to go its own way in the Zone under its occupation, and creating a German Government for the British, or better, for the British and French and, if possible, also for the American Zones, and negotiating with this Government a plan for the administration of the Ruhr under international control, and as a centre of production for common European use. Such a policy would involve a corresponding policy in dealing with the forces of German Socialism—above all the attempt, whatever may be done in the East, to help in building up in Germany a powerful Social Democratic Party with which the Socialist Parties of France, Great Britain, Scandinavia, Holland and Belgium could co-operate closely in working out a common economic and cultural programme for the entire Western Region, including Western Germany. Of course, this would be denounced in the Soviet Union as a counter-revolutionary move inspired by world capitalism; and serious difficulties would be put in the way by Western Communists acting under the influence of Moscow's propaganda machine. The difficulties would be most formidable in France; and it is above all in the sphere of British-French relations that the nettle needs to be boldly clasped.

For what is the alternative? Sheer stultification of any policy acceptable to the main body of Socialists either in Great Britain or in the other Western democracies. Unless Great Britain and France can agree about Germany, and in doing so provide German Social Democracy with a foundation for hope, no prospect save that of impotence and anarchy lies ahead in Europe; and there will be nothing for it but for the countries of the West to be tossed about between the world-contesting forces of Soviet Communism and American capitalism. It is worth our while to concede much to France in order to avert this; but can we not also turn our concessions to France into the means of offering Western Germany a place in the common tasks of reconstruction instead of a mere negation of policy that is bound to cause the Germans to regard a bastard and insincere perversion of Communism, disguising a revival of German nationalism, as the only way back to nationhood and self-respect?

G. D. H. COLE

GREECE : A REPLY TO MR. BEVIN

MR. BEVIN'S harsh reply to Mr. Sophoulis' proposal that the Greek elections should be deferred, has dealt a blow to the policy of supporting a moderate Centre and Left-Centre Government in Greece, which he himself appeared to follow since last autumn and which had the approval of the Labour Government in Britain. When I returned from Greece in the summer, I suggested, in company with several other Labour M.P.s who had been there, that such a Government, with the prestige and practical advantages of British help, would be able to create order and economic stability, so that, at the earliest in the spring, elections might be held. I believed, too, that the Liberals, Socialists, Agrarians and Resistance Independents, within a Centre and Left-Centre Government, would obtain popular credit for the benefits of British friendship, and would be able to strengthen their political organisation; and that when elections, based on proportional representation, were ultimately held, these Moderates would form an important Parliamentary group, corresponding in many ways to our own Labour Party and serving as a counterweight to the extremes of EAM and the Populists.

Hector McNeil's mission to Greece resulted in a Moderate Government being formed. The Foreign Secretary agreed to send technical missions to reorganise parts of the Greek Civil Service; the drachma was brought under control; and a £10,000,000 credit was negotiated, principally by Kartalis, an Independent Resistant and Minister of Supply. Greece seemed on the way to recovery and the moderate parties to popularity. But the conditions for free elections were not established, "The Law on the Decongestion of the Prisons" was not applied; detained as criminals, thousands of political prisoners, chiefly of Eam, are still without trial. The "X"-ites still terrorise. The electoral registers are imperfect or corrupt. And, according to Sophoulis, his attempts, as Minister of Public Security, to make changes in the police have been obstructed by the British Missions. In these circumstances, he asks for the elections to be postponed. As the Liberal leader of a Moderate Government, he makes a request which the Communist-led Eam makes as a demand. What does Mr. Bevin say? He answers with a taunt which impugns the motives of the "Left-Wing elements." "Abstention from elections in these circumstances," he says, "can only imply a belief by the Parties concerned that they do not enjoy popular support."

I have heard that argument advanced by the Populists and echoed by Mr. Bevin's advisers in Greece. Its fault of logic is that the Left and Centre have never ceased to maintain that their popular support can only manifest itself if people are free to vote without intimidation on honest electoral registers. Is Mr. Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary, or Mr. Sophoulis, the Greek Prime Minister, better qualified to say whether those conditions are present in Greece? Mr. Bevin's unseemly jeer at the Left is an encouragement to the Right, which will now assume that it has his support; it will discourage moderate Socialists; and it will push Eam, which twice recently has organised demonstrations with over 100,000 attending, closer to Russia. "Until elections have been held," Mr. Bevin continues, "there can be no possibility of knowing what the real sentiments of the Greek people are." That is indisputable. But would elections under present conditions, when tens of thousands are unable or afraid to go to the poll, truly reflect Greek opinion? And if Mr. Bevin persists in advising the Greek Government to hold elections with the Left parties abstaining, would not that leave a single Right Wing bloc as unrepresentative of popular opinion as the single blocs of the Left which Mr. Bevin dislikes in Eastern Europe?

"I am much surprised by your (Mr. Sophoulis') statement," says Mr. Bevin, "that the armed 'X' organisations will be reinforced by almost the whole of the police and the gendarmerie." But why should Mr. Bevin be surprised when the association of the Greek police with "X" has been repeatedly emphasised by Greeks of the Centre and Left? One of the main charges against the reliability of the electoral registers is that they were held at "X"-influenced police stations; Left Wing supporters have frequently been beaten up by the police, and the police have rarely intervened to protect the Left against "X." "Such a statement," Mr. Bevin adds, "is not borne out by reports which I have received, and I feel sure that your Excellency, as Minister of Public Security, can, with the help of Sir Charles Wickham (head of the British Police and Prison Mission to Greece), see that no such co-operation between the organs under your control and illegal armed bands takes place."

But the organs of the police and gendarmerie are by no means under Mr. Sophoulis' control. That is his complaint. Sir Charles Wickham, formerly of the Royal Irish Constabulary, has made a sincere and honourable attempt to reorganise and train the police, and has resisted political (that is to say, Mr. Sophoulis') interference. Last summer—things may have changed since then—Sir Charles had a list of proscribed individuals and organisations whose members were not eligible for the police. It included the Eam formations, but not "X"-ites. Sir Charles Wickham should not be criticised in this matter. He is not a politician, and should not be responsible for political discrimination. If he had heard Herbert Morrison's statement on nationalisation, or Ernest Bevin's speech on the Trades Disputes Act, he would, no doubt, have declared them both ineligible for the Greek police. But, profiting by his ingenuousness, the Right Wing has maintained its political influence on the police.

The booths are being prepared; the electoral observers are "standing to" with jeeps and motor boats. All that is required are the voters. Will Mr. Bevin stubbornly persist in elections for March 31st under these conditions, for reasons of convenience for the observers, or through fear that Russia, at some future date, may charge him with not having held elections? The convenience of foreign observers is surely secondary to the fate of a nation; and whether Russia approves or disapproves is surely secondary to our duty to support real elections and not an electoral mime. Those who ask for postponement, both in Greece and in Britain, are liberals of all Parties—from the leader-writer of *The Times* to the Left.

On March 11th the *Daily Telegraph* wrote in reference to the protest of 70 Socialist M.P.s against the holding of elections on March 31st: "In following its present firm line in foreign affairs, the Cabinet is further assured of the backing of the Opposition." Mr. Bevin should ponder this sentence, and think again about the date of the Greek elections.

MAURICE EDELMAN

A LONDON DIARY

A CORRESPONDENT in the United States, describing the rather unfavourable reactions to Mr. Churchill's Missouri speech, adds that it has "done nothing to help along the loan." He says that some British Conservative visitors to the United States have been telling big business men that a loan would "subsidise Socialism" in Britain, and Senator Vandenburg, who was not opposed to the loan when he went to London, has caught the same infection from "influential Tories" in this country. Bernard Baruch, old but still influential, is said to be emotionally opposed to the loan and Bretton Woods, partly because he has never forgiven Lord Keynes for being rude to President Wilson in his *Economic Consequences of the Peace!* Apparently it is not yet certain whether Baruch will give evidence in the Senate Office, where my correspondent has heard Fred Vinson putting the Administration's case. The hearings, he says, are terribly dull, though Vinson is generally most persuasive. He and Acheson may have overstated the argument that, unless the loan goes through, Britain can use the sterling bloc with very damaging effect on the United States; but, after all, this was the chief argument of the opponents of the loan in this country.

* * *

Germany is deeply interested in the controversy between Thomas Mann and Frank Thiess. Mann refused the invitation of German writers to return to his native country, explaining that he is now loyal to America, and that he cannot trust writers and intellectuals who spent the past decade inside Germany. Thiess, a liberal novelist with one or two brave books (as well as some compromises) to his credit, answered on behalf of anti-Nazis who stayed to risk their lives under Hitler's terror. The controversy between the two was transferred to the microphone and taken up by others who almost all supported Thiess. So here at last we have the arguments between those who say "where is liberty there is my country," and those who, like Thomas Paine, preparing to fight, reply "where there is no liberty, there is *my* country." Mann argues that no artist could stand the strain of totalitarian oppression and is driven in the end to extolling refugees and suggesting that all who remained in Germany share to some degree the guilt of Hitlerism. Unfortunately for this argument, Mann has also to add that there is nothing the returning exile can do in the occupied Germany of to-day; if he struggles on behalf of his own country he has to struggle against the occupying Powers whom he is bound in loyalty to support. Thiess retorts that anti-Nazis in Germany have found in themselves a spiritual resistance, an "inner emigration," out of which a new Germany must arise. Other writers who have come into the controversy are bitterly disillusioned because Mann, who became through his broadcasts a political symbol, turns out to be no political leader. Only Erich Kästner, in a brilliant little essay directed to German boys and girls, laughingly explains that Mann is the greatest living German writer, expressing his own thoughts about the world, and that it was always a ludicrous mistake to look to him for political leadership. Possibly, when this truth has sunk in, some of the German thinkers inside and outside Germany who had no chance of speaking to Germans during the war will now get their opportunity under the Allied Control Commission. So far, only a few have an opportunity of saying anything in the new German Press. One of these, Hermann Hesse, tells his fellow Germans that in his warm Swiss house he cannot lecture those whose misery he has not shared, but adds that he hopes they will follow him at least in saying farewell to nationalism. So far this is a lonely voice in a vacuum that will sooner or later be filled.

* * *

After the wartime success of A.B.C.A, a good many people hoped that some way could be found to carry its experience into civilian life. I don't know whether the habit of going to discussion groups which caught on so amazingly during the war (it was popular even in the Forces, where it was compulsory) is going to prove permanent. If it does, some kind of central organisation to provide material and general assistance will be essential. I am glad to see that the Carnegie Trust has made this possible by providing funds to back the Bureau of Current Affairs. Under W. E. Williams, who created and ran A.B.C.A. throughout the war, the new B.C.A will issue a fortnightly discussion guide, a map review, pictorial exhibitions, and will offer training courses to group leaders, travelling advisors, and extensive reference facilities. B.C.A., I believe, can be a very valuable supplement to the traditional forms of adult education. A leaflet giving full particulars can be obtained from Carnegie House, 117 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

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Many readers of this journal will remember in the spring of last year an article called *Inside the Asylum*, which was followed by a spate of

correspondence. The author alleged that he had been in many ways badly treated as a voluntary patient in a mental institution. Perhaps his most serious allegations were that there was no adequate sifting of different types of mental illness; that the doctors were hopelessly overworked and could not give proper attention to their patients; that there was much overcrowding and inefficiency, and occasional acts of brutality by male nurses. Several M.P.s interested themselves in this matter, and I am glad to say that soon after Mr. Bevan came to the Ministry of Health he instituted an enquiry into the charges. I have seen the report and I am satisfied that the enquiry was honest and thorough and that, except in some comparatively small points, the charges against the hospital were not well founded. This, however, does not dispose of the matter, for the striking thing about the correspondence following the publication of the article was that both doctors and nurses wrote supporting the writer from their personal experience of mental institutions. It is, of course, a question on which it is difficult to get reliable evidence, partly because hospital staffs naturally bind themselves together when criticised and more because voluntary mental patients are particularly sensitive. It is often in the very nature of their disease to exaggerate slights and to imagine neglect. It is therefore perfectly feasible for detailed allegations to turn out to be untrue or exaggerated, while at the same time things may happen that ought not to happen if only because there is a shortage of nurses and of doctors who may not all have the unusual knowledge, endless patience and selfless devotion needed in the treatment of mental illness.

* * *

I imagine the Vigilantes Action League will think twice before they again take the Albert Hall for a meeting. Outnumbered three or four to one by irate Communists, a handful of old ladies and pimply youths stood round me screaming "Kill the bloody Communist Jews!","We ought to have Hitler here, he'd teach you!" The League say they sold 8,000 tickets. I doubt whether they had two hundred supporters in the place. They even failed to produce any speakers, and the chairman gave up after ten minutes. Nearly £200 spent on a stupid fiasco.

* * *

When the *Week-end Review* died untimely, this journal, which had had no hand in the tragedy, inherited its assets. Among them were "This England" and the week-end literary competitions. At that time we were still publishing the magnificent problems of "Caliban," unique in their ingenuity, and in spite of the necessity of using logarithms to solve them, beloved by a surprisingly large number of readers. Only the literary competitions have survived the paper restrictions, but they have gone from strength to strength. A selection from these competitions has now been published, *New Statesman Competitions*, edited by G. W. Stonier (Faber, 6*s*). It is delightfully illustrated by Nicolas Bentley. Wit and high spirits are none too common in 1946 England, and here you have the two combined. This collection includes a few of the difficult translations of French and English verse with which Mr. Mortimer periodically challenges the high-brows, at least a hundred of whom prove astonishingly equal to the test. It also includes many clerihews, Cautionary Tales, epigrams, epitaphs and many other ingenuities. The result is a volume which people will put alongside the *Week-end Book* and other anthologies for permanent enjoyment, particularly fitted for reading aloud. Glancing through it I noticed again how outrageously amusing the "imaginary last words'" were and how untrue it is that all the prizes are carried off by a few solvers like Allan Laing—who, incidentally, provides a new and ingenious essay to this book. Among the most polished prize-winners I should include Mrs. Cornford and the late Logan Pearsall Smith. Some of their epigrams have permanant value Among the "imaginary last words" I give the palm to those suggested for Lord Baldwin. "Had I but served my country better than I served my King!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to W. H. Clennell.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Now that the war is over it is time our youth was thinking of something better than swing music and jazz bands for enjoyment. I suggest Band of Hope meetings and lantern lectures in winter time and trips to old ruined castles and abbeys in summer. —Letter in *Northern Echo*.

Railways this year will be able to carry double the number of pigeons they did in 1945.—Report in *Daily Dispatch*.

This was what used to be known as Johnnie M'Roberts' country, and while he lived Ballyoran was the centre of sport, with always a welcome for the hunt, and a hare in every field. For many years after he died it seemed almost that the hares knew they had lost a friend, as they simply disappeared from that district.—*Belfast News-letter*.

A West Suffolk farmer, who has applied to the Air Ministry for the derequisitioning of 250 acres of land for the spring sowing of wheat, has received notice of the release of one square foot of soil.—Report in *Daily Telegraph*.

During the evening two solos were rendered by Miss Theresa M. Peck, and spiritual visions were given by Mrs. Twigg.—From *Wisbech Standard*.

FULLE, FREE AND FAIR

[A.M.F.O.G.E. (Allied Mission for Observing Greek Elections) has arrived in Athens.—*News item.*]

GREECE, facing "her fairest election"
Held under her Government's wing
Will profit by Allied inspection
Where lists are in need of correction,
Impartial Three-Power supervision
Safeguards democratic decision
While AMFOGE is keeping the ring.

The Government doubtless is tottery,
Left Parties resign in a string,
Mistrusting the test of the lottery
Resorting to classic boycottery,
So the Premier is losing his quorum,
But the Polls will be marked by decorum
While AMFOGE is keeping the ring.

To reach an impartial solution
And stop a decisive Left swing
The suspects of Left revolution
(Though amnestied) face execution,
But their purge is, of course, bona fide,
And electoral lists will be tidy
While AMFOGE is keeping the ring.

There's a splitting, or split, Coalition,
There's a Terror at work for the King,
There's one Party, with no Opposition,
Despite democratic tradition,
There's a lack of internal security
But the utmost electoral purity
While AMFOGE is keeping the ring.

Greece views with extreme apprehension
The dawn of Democracy's spring,
Complete Opposition abstention
Combined with strict non-intervention
Produce pre-election confusion,
But the end is a foregone conclusion
When AMFOGE is out of the ring.

SAGITTARIUS

WHAT THE MINER SAYS

IN the study of his home in the mining village of Royston, Yorkshire, Mr. Horace Holmes, new Labour M.P. for the Hemsworth Division of West Riding, will sit this week-end considering the coal crisis. His desk will be littered with newspaper clippings of all the recent exhortations, pleas and pledges to the miners. Familiar with everything that has been said, because it has all been said before, Mr. Holmes will still examine every word with hope. After 45 years in the mining industry, he continues to seek the magic words which will send miners and new entrants flocking to the coal faces, producing all the coal the nation needs and scorning absenteeism.

Here in Royston, crowding his own doorstep, Mr. Holmes can see the entire national problem of coal. Royston, with its 7,000 population and its surrounding pits, tells the whole story. It presents the facts, but to understand the facts you must know the men of Royston. Mr. Holmes can claim to know them very well. They think of him in his capacity as local secretary of the National Union of Mine Workers. They regard him as "the reet lad for the miners." They even considered refusing to back his Parliamentary campaign because they believed that, once he entered the House, he would cease to be of service to Royston. He was returned unopposed.

I am telling you about Horace Holmes because he is the best introduction anyone could have to the people and problems of Royston. He entered the pit as a boy driver when he was thirteen years old, did thirty years at the coal face and the past fifteen as a Union official. Looking through his cuttings, Mr. Holmes will read again the statement by Arthur Horner, N.U.M. Production Officer: "We need 100,000 more mineworkers immediately . . . there will be no men in the pits by 1960 unless prompt and effective measures are taken." How does Royston regard this forecast? Mr. Holmes will say: "Nationalisation is bringing a growing feeling of security, but it is not bringing new men into the pits here. The Miners' Charter will do a tremendous amount of good—but the young fellows of Royston are not interested—yet. In this village the lads are going to find other jobs, because they have had it drilled into them all their lives that they should not follow their fathers into the industry. Now we are reaping a harvest of trouble that we helped to sow ourselves. Have you ever heard a miner, grimed from the pit, his clothes wet with sweat, talk about his son's future?"

I went to Royston to get the answer to that question. It is really the basic, long-term problem and, despite all the propaganda describing mining as a career for intelligent boys, it remains almost untouched. Here were plenty of miners, dust-blackened, sweating, tired after a full shift at the face of one of the biggest of the South Yorkshire collieries. One man said: "Do you know what I would do if my son said he was going to Gaffer at pit for a job? I would half choke the life out of him." This declaration of hatred of the job was endorsed by dozens of colliers. But there were other men who had considered the matter more dispassionately. "My son is at the secondary school. He is being educated, which is something I never had a chance to be. . . . Well, when he is educated, do you think he will want to go down the pit?" Many of the miners in Royston talk about little else but the education of their children. They are rightly proud of it and quite convinced that the boys will never dream of using the School Leaving Certificate as a jumping-off place towards the Mine Deputies' certificate.

And then you will meet men like Josh White. Three nights a week he travels from Royston to Barnsley to study electrical mining engineering in the fine Technical College there. White is 36, with 22 years of pit experience. "My son will choose for himself. I believe that there is something in what is being said about the mine as a place for a career. I believe nationalisation will

do the trick, guarantee boys good wages and plenty of opportunity. There are plenty of fathers like me, and I think that the problem of fresh labour in the pits will gradually be overcome." Despite this new outlook on the subject, the hard fact remains that in Royston 90 per cent. of the miners still pin their faith in some surface job in factory or office for their children.

Close to Royston is a colliery school for new entrants, one of the wartime experiments which is bearing fruit—of quality if not quantity. One hundred and eighty boys passed through the school for six weeks' mining instruction last year. Most of them were miners' sons, some from Royston. The boys in the school now—less than 50—explain that they have entered the pits because "there is nothing else to do." The opinion of the mine managers at the school, however, is that the boys have summed up the very clear economic choice between factory work away from home and coal mining in their own village. The mine wage rates are beginning to exert some attraction.

Mr. Holmes, reading his cuttings, will put side by side two reports—Sir Charles Reid talking to miners' delegates and news of the Ruhr coal output. Sir Charles asked: "What would happen to your favourite football team if the players indulged in absenteeism like the miners?" The Ruhr report said that cuts in rations had caused an immediate drop in the German mines' output. "The average age of the miner in Royston to-day is 15 years above the pre-war average age," Mr. Holmes observes. "The strain of the job is telling on the older men, and they go absent to rest. You need team-work to-day in the pits if machine coal getting is to succeed. If a couple of men fall out of the team, the whole three-shift schedule breaks down. The men need more food to help them meet the strain. Go and ask them."

Royston is a dusty, smoke-greyed village with not a single place of entertainment for the miners who live in it—with the exception of seven workers' clubs. The clubs provide drink, mainly beer, and have snooker tables. Around the walls big posters forbid gambling. In one of these clubs, absent from work, was William Ward. He is a collier, and he has three hefty sons, all colliers. "We can't keep up the job on the rations to-day," said Ward, speaking, it seems, for every absentee in the bar. He admits that laking is bad, but insists that no one can do a six-shift week at the coal face on a meat ration which is eaten by Monday morning.

"Before the war," says the absentee, "we had stewpot, roast meat, plenty of bacon. That gave us the strength to do the work. Now this is what happens to-day in my house. After Monday there is no meat, because we have had a good tuck-in on Sunday. There is a bit of corned beef, but that doesn't help much. The butter ration may reach to Wednesday, but usually there is no margarine even by then. If we had the fat to cook with, we could get a bit of fish to help out. We take our bread and jam to the pit and eat cheese at home for the end part of the week."

The eyebrows of many a South of England housewife will be raised when she hears of a week's rations going by mid-week. It can be regarded as bad management by the miner's wife, of course; but it is indisputable that the miner is a creature of habit, and he has always been in the habit of eating plenty of fats and all the meat he could get. Now, when he gets a lump of beef, he prefers to sit down to one good meal, rather than have three little ones which only tickle his appetite. So William Ward and, sometimes, his three sons go absent, blaming short rations. Every miner in Royston declares that he is not up to the job after four shifts. Men say: "I feel like a corpse; I can't even raise a smile," and mean it. There is more to this claim for increased rations than mere natural desire to eat more. The miners of Royston, tackled alone or in groups, give solemn promises that they will produce more coal more often when their dinner plates are filled.

At the pit where most of the Royston miners work there is a fine canteen. It began as a hot meals canteen, but the scheme failed. Barely 30 per cent. availed themselves of the meals. Horace Holmes will tell you: "The miner here likes to eat at home. He will have to be educated to eat in a canteen." The Royston men say that they simply prefer having their wives cook their meals. They will add that, after a full shift, they do not feel like staying on at the colliery to eat. The canteen sells meat sandwiches now, with dripping slices for "snaps" down in the mine. In the workers' clubs, when the subject of food has been momentarily dropped, the Royston miners will talk about income-tax. They are without doubt the most vehement of the nation's workers in their criticism of the tax which, they claim, makes it not worth their while to do a full week's work.

If you try to impress the miners of Royston with the urgency of the nation's coal needs, and tell them that their main pit lost over 17,000 tons of coal through voluntary absenteeism, you encounter at once the solid front the miners will form against criticism. Their memories are long. In Royston they recall the days when they were lucky to get two shifts' work a week. They are still suspicious of promises, and, although they will agree that they now have the Government they want, and that the mines will be on a completely different footing, they insist that they must be given material evidence of the security they crave for the future. In Royston they will tell you: "Too long the carrot has been held in front of the miner; now he wants to eat the carrot and move afterwards." Almost incidentally, as you leave the village, someone will ask: "What about these new villages for miners, eh? How would you like to live here?" Perhaps in that last query is the greatest longing of all among miners and their families. They live in grim worlds of their own, cut off from the rest of the community. Supposing miners' houses became a first priority and Royston became a place of some beauty? Would not that change the outlook of the miners? Yes, it would. So say the miners of Royston.

D. E. Seabrook

NO MORE GUM

Where I lived, a steep cart track ran down to the main road from Stranraer to Dumfries, and three miles away was the first stop for the American Army in Britain. They parked the big trucks nose to tail in the main street of Gatehouse of Fleet, and walked up, smoking cigars, to get tea and a bun at a little canteen. The canteen has now been written to by half the American Army. It was the first time they had spoken to a Briton, whom they called an Englishman, and it was the first time they had tasted tea in its home. Most of them had been ill on the stormy crossing, and they were mostly unsophisticated and excited. Because they drove so fast and the turning from the cart track to the main road was a difficult one, we were often held up while a convoy passed, and my wife used to stand up in the car and see how many waved to her. It was a poor day when two out of three didn't wave.

Now there's no more gum for the kids. The canteen is closed and the farmers of Kirkcudbrightshire, machine-haters to a man, skid their ill-kept cars on to the main roads with a simple trust in the odds that there will be nothing on the road. There isn't anything on the road. The kids have nothing to look at in the whole of Ayrshire and Wigtownshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, and nothing to beg. They have all the grenades and mines they want, and life hangs heavy on their hands.

Not that South-West Scotland, having always nurtured rebels and encouraged battle, became flurried by a war and its impact. People took it in their stride, merely putting up the prices a little, having three dances a week in the villages instead of one, and looking round carefully for jerry-cans after a column had halted for the night. There is nobody who can cause a Scot of these parts to do more than raise his eyebrows a very little. And they at once discounted 50 per cent. of all the stories told by these fabulous visitors.

On hospitality they were only living up to their reputation. Some of the girls, however, were unable to strike the happy mean. An expert in these matters tells me; "It seems to me that there is no half-way mark for some of the lassies. When a new regiment came to town it was either complete neglect and unfriendliness for the soldiers, or conception." And from behind the lace curtains of many a prim side street there are some pretty searing looks when Janie or Annie goes up the street, lonely now.

This is the land of eccentrics, and no great harm will be done to Scotland's stock by the new blood of America. Here is a man who is only interested in stone walls, and will switch any conversation in the world to that subject. Here is a man who has built a steeple on a barn, in demonstration that his religion is his farm. Here is my friend the poet of the pubs and the ditches, an Irishman who talks in the language of fifty years ago and calls you "fine gentleman" for only a pint and a half of whisky. And here is the man who takes the great stallion round on his spectacular tour, billing him with visiting cards in every pub like a prima donna. Ten guineas a time, says the card, and the great horse makes seven or eight social calls a day. The groom gets five shillings each. A fine man and a fine horse, and a fine thing to be pimp for such a fine horse.

A war? Bless you, it's nothing to worry about when you can still point out the castle where the siege was, and can still show where the cannon ball went through the dining-room window and beheaded the lady of the house as she ate porridge. They had been hauling the gun into place for several months, and before that had spent a year making it near the lake. War and revolt was nothing, and these people largely ignored it.

There was a common belief in these parts that the Government had made a mistake in starting this rationing of food and petrol and cloth. Nothing much was said, but little attention was paid to the regulations. The climax came when an elderly colonel held an elaborate cocktail party for all the gentry within fifty miles, and telephoned the police to come and control the traffic. Only a few of the gentry were able to prove that they were really going to see a heifer.

It was my fate, owing to several mutinous years in various infantry battalions, to try to instil some military tactics into the unfortunate farmers who had been press-ganged into the Home Guard. They had bred the finest soldiers in Britain, and been soldiers themselves, but the urge to become defenders of the home again only came when boots were offered free and the gas cape was found to be an admirable covering against squalls on the moors. And I knew many of them too well, particularly the bootmaker. He was a pleasant and sociable man, and as I passed down the rear rank on an inspection parade, he said affably: "And how are ye to-day, major?" I ignored this remark and tackled him in the pub about it after parade. "Are you the soldier who made a remark to me from the rear rank to-day?" "And are ye the basket who didna answer me?" he said belligerently.

The great estates are at peace again, though battered by innumerable trucks. The wide streets of the little towns are quiet after ten o'clock, and the girls walk with each other and sigh very often. They say they are getting ready for the tourist season, ready to show the finest part of Scotland to tourists who will pay for the privilege instead of doing it at Army expense.

They will still tilt at the pompous and the pretentious, and their triumph will come when they have excelled themselves in their hospitality, pressed the unwitting stranger to The Pride of the Glen and other concoctions, watched him disintegrate under its spell and eventually nodded their heads at each other with quiet satisfaction. "Aye, he's foo'" they will say.

The war's over. The Scot of these parts doesn't think it really happened.

Roland Wild

RADIO NOTES

Postscript. Whatever may be thought of the matter of Mr. Winston Churchill's recent big speech, there can hardly be two opinions about the style in which it was couched or the manner (so much more vital than of late) in which it was delivered. If only the B.B.C. had broadcast the speech in full, the resplendent gravity of Mr. Churchill's eloquence, with its jetty gleams of imaginative persuasion, might have been better understood as the single whole it was intended to be; as a work of rhetorical art it was inevitably distorted by abridgment. Viewed in the same light, Mr. Attlee's speech of March 3rd also seemed to me a remarkable achievement. Though he does not attempt to emulate Mr. Churchill's patrician style, the Prime Minister by-passes all the vulgarities of demagogy: instead he makes his points by establishing an atmosphere of kindness and sincerity. His quiet voice invokes the essentially private virtues. Won over by the daylit reason of his periods, disarmed by the homely tone of his request, one feels that it would be childish to refuse to do as he asks. To achieve this effect, a measure of art is needed, though—unlike Mr. Churchill's—it is an art which conceals itself.

Serials. Some of the recent serials have failed, to my thinking, because they did not contain the one indispensable ingredient: Suspense. Listening to *The Man of Property*, for instance, did one ever feel: "And then? . . And then? . . ." Charlotte Brontë, though she is not known to have worked with any idea of serialisation in mind, certainly possessed this characteristic of the born story-teller. So far *Jane Eyre* has made capital radio, and if it falls off later on, that may well be because the novel itself notoriously does so. In adapting it Miss Barbara Couper has had the taste and sense to include as much of the original dialogue as possible—and what dialogue it is! Simple, direct, passionate, it does half the actors' work for them. At first I thought Belle Crystall was going to prove miscast—too pert and modern for the part; but I am glad to think I was wrong after all. This very experienced radio actress is gradually working her way to the centre of the character. I am not yet sure about Mr. Rochester. I shall resent fiercely any attempt to polish off this wonderful creation of Miss Brontë's as rip-roaring caricature; and though Reginald Tate at present shows no sign of relapsing into the indolence of burlesque, I am not persuaded that he has enough of that demonic quality which the character implies and which James Mason—perhaps alone among English actors—is so good at expressing. Meanwhile, it is welcome news that *Dombey and Son* is before long to be broadcast in this form; and—in case Drama is scratching its head for future serials—I should like to draw attention to *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, also to Mrs. de la Pasture's *The Unlucky Family*, an uproariously funny book which was the delight of my childhood but which I suspect to have been largely forgotten now. All these novels have the advantage of episodic construction. And what about Balzac? Is it not time Drama decided to grasp that nettle? The difficulties may be considerable, but the rewards—in richness of humanity, in dramatic contrast, in humour—would be proportionate.

Fireworks at Cremorne. The best *indirect* comment on the Picasso controversy we have yet had; suggesting that oblique criticism is often the most illuminating.

Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra. Like one of the more elaborate of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, this masterly and clearly beautiful work puts one in love with style for its own sake. At the end of his life Bartok seems to have been in process of returning to the less rebarbative idiom of his early years. At all events this Concerto deliberately sets out to recapture the impressionistic magic of the *Dirges*, the *Two Portraits*, and above all of the opera, *Bluebeard*. I see no reason why so fascinating a work should not become a popular success here, as it has already done in America. And now that those artful dodgers, Messrs. Dobson and Young, have shown how skilfully they can insinuate an understanding of musical form (another illustration of the oblique method), why should they not be called in to assist in interpreting Bartok to recalcitrant minds?

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Sunday, March 17th:* New Records (D. Shawe-Taylor, 11.20 a.m.); Concert (2.30 p.m.); The Best of Benchley (Beatrice Lillie, 7 p.m.); The Russian Zone in Germany (7.30 p.m.); Prokofiev (11.3 p.m.).

Monday, March 18th: Book Talk (Geoffrey Grigson, 6.20 p.m.)

Tuesday, March 19th: For the Schools (C. V. Wedgwood, 11 a.m.).

Wednesday, March 20th: Concert (8 p.m.); Kodaly (B.B.C. Singers, 10.30 p.m.).

Thursday, March 21st: Concert (7.15 p.m.).

Friday, March 22nd: "What is Democracy?" (7.30 p.m.); The Making of a Poem (Stephen Spender, 11.30 p.m.); Schoenberg on records (11.45 p.m.).

Saturday, March 23rd: Concert (2.15 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Without Dowry," at the Tatler
"Cyprus is an Island," at the Curzon

Surprises await the visitor to the Tatler. One is Ostrovsky, a flavour rare to the English palate as sturgeon or sunflower seeds. The other—I hope I'm not guessing wildly—is the discovery that Russian aesthetic tastes may be sharpening, as their policies grow blunter. We may yet see a *War and Peace* not unworthy of Tolstoy.

One doesn't, of course, know how far *Without Dowry* departs from the original: not a great deal, to judge the Ostrovsky plays published last year by Allen and Unwin. Why should it? No great dramatist, except perhaps Molière, has so undermined the pretentiousness of the middle classes, and here the money-grubbing, match-making tyrant hasn't so much a religion to borrow speeches from as a tick to be kept going. What appearances, what bills and billets, what cuckoldries, what a spring-time of fraud! The hero of an Ostrovsky play (if it should have room for one) would be a simple honest man. And *Without Dowry* has, in fact, a heroine, a romantic girl who sets herself against the bidding in the marriage-market. Though beautiful, she hasn't a dot. Her fiancé is an acknowledged ass. Her fashionable lover seduces her and moves on to other conquests. When she is on the point of killing herself, two old goats, friends of the family, toss for who is to have her. She dies, and there is really nothing else she could do. It's a self-contained world from which the timidly virtuous or romantic seek to escape at their peril.

As one might expect, the director, Y. Protozanov, fills his screen with some wonderful gargoyles from the old bourgeoisie, somewhat in the manner of the Chehov film, also hinging on marriage, which we saw last year. But Ostrovsky isn't Chehov; this time there has been no need for violent distortion. The surprise, indeed, is that a film which starts with the broadcast of satire should succeed in refining itself to romantic ironies which end on a piercing note of tragedy. We are amused, charmed, and finally silenced. Some first-rate acting induces this change in the spectator; the camera also dwells with pleasure on a riverside provincial town, with its paddle-boats, cafés, shaded walks. While not making any very high claims for this film, it does remain adult in treatment as well as theme, and hints, I hope, at a new development of skill in the Russian cinema. The other film in the Tatler programme compresses a little-known Tchaikovsky opera, *Christmas Slippers*, into half an hour and makes it both boring and ridiculous to the eye; nor does the music itself, despite some spirited voices, seem very notable.

For those who have never been nearer to Cyprus than the blue-painted restaurants in Soho, the half-hour documentary at the Curzon will prove an agreeable revelation. This charming but drought-visited island, with its ruins and goats, feathery sunlit forests, rocky shores, cactuses, wheat-fields, wine and olive presses, has been vividly explored by the director, Ralph Keene, with an eye for its essential drama: the barren soil, the clash between peasant and wandering shepherd. An irrigation scheme shows the British Empire stepping in with its most benevolent air, but Cyprus, we are told, needs still more water. Music from the Greek Suite of Petrides, and a sensitive script by Laurie Lee.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

ROUND THE SHOWS

The son of an Englishman, James Ensor was a British subject up to the age of seventy, when he became naturalised in Belgium, his mother's country where he had always lived. And there he still paints at the age of eighty-five. The Arts Council has been at pains to organise an exhibition of his paintings and drawings, which is being held in the basement of the National Gallery under the auspices of the Tate. In the excellent portrait of a girl painted in 1879 Ensor reveals already a high accomplishment. He has been an extraordinarily versatile artist, and one would hardly guess that all these works came from the same hand, so various have been the influences from Breughel and Rubens to Daumier and Van Gogh. His frequent choice of masks as a subject seems symbolical of his histrionic and protean personality. He does not compose well, but his historical importance is considerable. In the Nineties he was painting in several styles, *fauve*, expressionist and even surrealist, that did not become usual till some thirty years later. *Music in the Rue de Flandres* (No. 25) is a small, singularly happy of his gifts for experiment. We are grateful for the chance to know the work of so curious a precursor.

At the French Institute in South Kensington there is a delightful show of paintings and drawings made in London by French artists from Delacroix and Géricault to those who chose to share our lives during the recent war. Pissarro is poorly represented, and there is not one of the remarkable Derains of the *fauve* period. One understands that the French do not wish to be represented by a painter who misbehaved during the Occupation, but unluckily the punishment strikes at us at least as much as at the culprit. I hope that the Home Secretary will make it easy again for French artists to come here and to emulate their predecessors in interpreting the London scene.

An extremely interesting and agreeable exhibition at the Arcade Gallery is entitled "English and French Romantic Painting"—a term that has been stretched to include Sandby on one side, and Puvis de Chavannes on the other. Two of the largest and most curious works are by Robert Fagan (a diplomatist by profession), whose style is neo-classic rather than romantic. Among the artists represented are Delacroix, Géricault, Delaroche, Fuseli, Stothard, Blake, Samuel Palmer, Bonington, and that dazzling amateur, Victor Hugo. The happiest romantic pictures are landscapes: otherwise in all but the best of them—sometimes even in these—an element of theatricality, and often of absurdity is apt to result from the artist's desire to evoke a world remote from what meets his eye. The figures too often look as if they had been dressed by the Clarkson of the period. Where Watteau made poetry from the actors he so persistently sketched, Stothard made only pretty doggerel from his reminiscences of Watteau. On the other hand, Blake and Samuel Palmer by their imaginative power, Delecroix and Géricault by their painterly genius, do impose their vision upon us. Let me add that one work by an obscure artist, John Renton, is peculiarly interesting for the freedom of texture and colour.

Etty, who is represented at the Arcade Gallery, has the Adams Gallery to himself. A single Etty can often surprise one by its graceful accomplishment, but confronted with a seraglio of over thirty, one is struck chiefly by his limitations and conventionality, so much so that a picture of a dead rabbit is the most arresting exhibit because it is so exactly observed. The avowed "studies" also are delightful. The trouble with most of the others is that they also are only studies, though they pretend to be something more.

Mr. Janko Adler, at the Lefèvre, brings us back to the rude epoch we inhabit. A Polish Jew, aged fifty, he has had to flee from one country after another; and he has, very comprehensibly, drawn largely upon Picasso for a language in which to express his states of mind. He is a highly skilled and professional painter, but his forms usually seem arbitrary and the more he elaborates the texture of his paint, the less agreeable it becomes. I suspect that his natural talent is for decoration, and that the wickedness o the world has imposed on him ambitions that seem beyond his scope.

ROGER MARVELL

Correspondence

GREEK ELECTIONS

SIR,—I have a letter from General Plastiras, who cannot be accused of Communistic tendencies, in which he asks me to tell all friends who wish to see tranquillity in Greece, that this cannot be achieved unless the elections are postponed.

M. Sophianopoulos, the Foreign Minister who recently resigned, repeatedly declared that the Government must be broadened and the election postponed for at least two months, so that the confidence of the people, so essential to stability, can be regained. M. Svolos, the leader of the moderate Socialists, expresses the same opinions for the same reasons. The Eam have said they will boycott the elections unless the clauses of the Varkiza Agreement in the letter and the spirit are honoured. Similarly, all Democratic parties have appealed to the Regent as well as to the Government. Therefore, it is only the Government and the Royalist Party who insist on elections being carried out by March 31st. As for the Royalist Party, in 1942 their strength was assessed by the correspondent of *The Times* as 5 per cent. of the population. If, at present, this percentage has increased, it is due to false propaganda that they are backed by British foreign policy.

The Government of M. Sophoulis was not chosen by the people. It was elected for the purpose of putting the Varkiza Agreement into effect and to maintain order in which the free choice of the people might be expressed. Mr. Eden, British Foreign Secretary at the time, pledged that, in accordance with this agreement, the Government should include representatives of all political parties, including the Eam This pledge has not been kept.

Given fair conditions for an election, it will be proved how consistent are the majority of the Greek people who, having liberated their country with the help of their British friends and allies, wish for political freedom and are resolved never to return to the conditions of 1936–1939.

15 New Street, E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU
London, E.C.2.

GLASSHOUSES

SIR,—I would like to endorse Colin Gill er's letter in your last issue by describing my own experience in one of His Majesty's Glasshouses.

I enlisted in the Regular Army in 1929 at eighteen. A few weeks later I had occasion to report sick, and while sitting in the reception room waiting my turn to see the M.O., I happened to speak to my neighbour. The N.C.O. in charge roared at me to be quiet and ordered me to report to the Cookhouse for spud peeling as a punishment. Unaware at the time of the autocratic powers of a full corporal I refused to do so and was promptly locked up.

The following morning I was brought before my C.O. Appalled at my great crime, he remanded me for a few hours until he could make up his mind whether he ought to deal with me himself or send me in front of a Court Martial or a firing squad, I can't remember which. He decided in my favour, and after a long lecture on the enormity of my offence, sentenced me to fourteen days' detention.

I was sent to Stirling Detention Barracks, where I was doubled into a reception room. While I was kept at the double I opened my kit bag, took from it each article as it was shouted for, put them back, stripped myself for inspection, galloped along a corridor, round a cell of another victim, into my own, where I was instructed to prepare my kit and cell exactly like the one I had just flown out of.

The next day I paraded with the rest of the criminals in full kit; this was the first time I had worn it since joining up and I must admit I did not look like a Guardsman. The inspecting staff nearly had a fit and lost no time in drawing the Commandant's attention to me. Looking at me in the true Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton manner, he asked me how long I had been in the Army, and, when I answered three whole weeks, told me I ought to be ashamed of myself, and instructed his fellow monster to bring me before him the next day.

The following morning I was raced into the lion's den. There he revealed the fact to me, that if he searched the whole of the United Kingdom it was doubtful that there would be found a worse criminal and awarded me (they call it an award in the Army) two days' bread and water. I shall always remember that the first time I ever experienced real hunger was brought about by my patriotic urge to serve my country.

On the third day, after having served my solitary confinement, I was standing at my cell door waiting to go on parade again, when along came another madman who imagined that he had seen me before, only not in the regiment I was in at the moment. When I opened my mouth to deny this statement, it was immediately closed by a blow on the jaw. This British Kramer chased me around until the end of my sentence, which was a complete nightmare.

It is quite easy for me to understand the reasons for the recent outbreaks, for if I had been in any longer I might have attempted one myself. What the public ought to know is that you can be imprisoned in the Army for as much as two years for what would appear to civilians a very petty offence, and that there are at present in these places, men with excellent records serving long terms for such trivial mistakes who are definitely not scum, but men with the same spirit of freedom in their make-up, as their fellow-sufferers in other concentration camps in Europe.

4 Provost Wynd, Cupar, Fife. R. MCLELLAND

WHEAT MYSTERY

SIR,—You say in your issue of March 2nd that "in mid-1945 when a rashly optimistic view seems to have been taken both of future crops and the size of exportable stocks. . ."

It may interest your readers that even much later farmers, who like ourselves had a lot of wheat to thresh which they were unable to do during the wet winter of 1944–45, had the greatest difficulty in moving it, as the corn merchants would not look at anything but the very best. We ourselves were told by our merchants, a big and reputable firm, that wheat was not wanted any more and that the Ministry of Food had bought large quantities from Canada and the U.S.A. Take this, together with the fact that the acreage payment was reduced from £4 to £2, and you have the makings of a situation where farmers in the Eastern Counties were clamouring for maintaining the wheat acreage, and the Ministry of Agriculture—presumably with Cabinet consent—gave them the impression that the trend must be in the reverse direction.

Surely it is a major tragedy that after all that the farming community has done during the war it should have been so misled as to produce less wheat when the country wanted it most. There has been a very bad slip up both in the Coalition and in the present Government, and anyone who has the future of the Labour Government at heart can only wish that the strongest possible action should be taken by the Cabinet. S. J. ELLERN

Bachad Farm Institute,
Thaxted, Essex

WORDS AND POLITICS

SIR,—The importance of giving dogs bad or good names, according to whether you propose to hang them or not, has long been recognised. Such "Political Dynamics" are, it seems to me, of special importance just now.

In Britain to-day, the success of social changes which the Labour Party believes necessary depends to an unusual extent on general acceptance. We have a situation—in industry especially—in which the actual agents of change must largely be people who will need to be persuaded as they go along. It is difficult to realize the extent to which words, which

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JONATHAN CAPE

carry with them habits of thought; may lead to anxiety, and hence doubt, reluctance or opposition.

An institution or a social system which has long existed usually collects around it a language—terms which tend to preserve it. We who speak or write for the Labour Party should be careful to bear this in mind. For instance, a business firm rightly describes much of its expenditure as "investment," but at present—because of two centuries of *laisser-faire*—the Treasury and the organs of Local Government are obliged to describe their activities entirely in disagreeable words. They "incur expenditure," "borrow" or "show debts." Let them possess as many tangible assets as they will—roads, houses, schools, drainage systems, or the like—they must always and only use the dismal terminology of the debit side of a business balance-sheet. This tradition exists because, in a *laisser-faire* society, business "Enterprise" was considered necessarily good, while Government "Interference" was necessarily evil.

We must actively take this factor into account if we wish to reform society, for, if we do not use words with a good flavour to smooth the passage of social change, we shall have to accept the customary ominous and unpleasant terms. How would it sound if we spoke of the public "investing in the capital assets of the mining industry" (the mines themselves, the winding gear, the trucks, the machinery, and all that constitutes a going concern)?

Mr. Thurman Arnold, in his *Folk Lore of Capitalism* (Yale University Press) speaks of the enormous advantage a Government would have, which was allowed to use in "Budget Balancing" book-keeping terms permissible to any business. These terms he classes as "Asset Book-keeping."

> "An important underlying myth which aids private organisations and hampers Government activity along practical lines, is the notion that the Government has no "assets." When a private corporation spends money incalculably in excess of its current income for years to come, it nevertheless is able to 'balance its budget' on the theory that it is acquiring 'assets' in return for that expenditure. Therefore, it is not 'spending,' but 'investing' in income-producing capital goods."

In America, with its majority in favour of capitalism, "Corporation" proved to be a word with a "Good feeling," and its use enabled the New Dealers to get a little freedom. Here, however, with a Labour majority, the Government, after (we hope) much thought, calls our new coal set-up a "Board." Two generations ago, it might have been a good idea to speak not only of the "Royal Mail," but also of the "Royal Mines." How does "British Coal Industry" or "British Transport" sound?

Of course, none of this must be crudely done. In the late General Election the Conservatives were no doubt delighted with their "Vote National." But it was not a success—too obvious perhaps, and done too near the election? Anyhow, it turned out to lack clarity. The present writer electioneered not only in England, but in Wales and Scotland. In both, the poster created confusion since there were Scottish and Welsh Nationalist candidates whose claims many voters thought were being advocated by this lavish poster display.

Llanfrothen, AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS
Penrhyndeudraeth.

THE PERSONIFIED STATE

SIR,—The late Robert Dell, from his watch tower at Geneva, tried in vain to warn us against the dangerous habit of referring to the "personified State."

On March 3rd, the Foreign Editor of the only Socialist Sunday paper, informed his readers that "*Britain* takes a grave view of Russia's decision not to withdraw completely from Persia in accordance with the Anglo-Soviet-Persian treaty, but has not yet decided what steps to take." Some mere Britons, including Servicemen waiting to be demobbed, miners, dockers, and other essential workers, if they saw this piece, may have wondered what "Ernie" and his Foreign Office pals were up to and why the men they sent to Parliament to represent them were not consulted. Who is "Britain," anyway? Apart from Mr. Bevin, who evidently fancies himself in the role of "Britannia," complete with cardboard trident, the answer seems to be a group of anonymous oil kings, some permanent officials whose names are equally unknown, and a gentleman called Sir Reader Bullard, who first hit the limelight in December, 1941, when M. and Mme. Litvinov were grossly insulted at Teheran.

I have not yet come across any Briton who does not hold the view that the Soviet Union has probably as much right to keep its troops in North Persia as we have to keep ours in Egypt, Greece, Indo-China and Indonesia and has not at least as much justification for seeking oil concessions in Azerbaijan as we and the Americans have for exploiting similar concessions in the South. "Persia," the personified State, in any case means only a clique of some two thousand landlords, supported by British reactionaries, who rule over a half-starved peasantry which may well be looking to the U.S.S.R. for liberation.

One result of the war has been that the "power," on which Governments must rely for the implementation of "power politics," now depends entirely on the willingness of the people to co-operate. "Britain" therefore—whoever it is, or whoever they are—must watch its "steps" with some care if, while endeavouring to save Franco, it continues to embroil us unnecessarily with our Soviet Allies.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING
Stonar House, Middle Street, Deal.

P.R.

SIR,—As so often happens, an opponent of proportional representation has given away his own case. The note on Mr. Humphreys in your issue of March 9th says: "P.R. . . . often (pre-war France is a classical example) discredits democracy by making all Governments feeble and unstable." Pre-war France never at any time used any form of proportional representation (the system in use was the second ballot), therefore P.R. cannot be responsible for the notorious instability of that country's Governments. France used P.R. for the first time last year. Though the form of P.R. chosen was the old German list system, which has very grave drawbacks as compared with the single transferable vote used in English-speaking countries, at least we can say that the Government which has resulted is somewhat less unstable than its predecessors, not more so.

As a matter of fact, all the most stable Governments of Europe—e.g. Eire, Switzerland, Sweden, Czechoslovakia—have been elected by P.R.

JOHN FITZGERALD,
The Proportional Representation Society,
82 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

AID TO AUSTRIA

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

CHILDREN and their treatment down the ages: it has long been a popular theme with social historians. We expect to meet in such commentaries the little Sidneys and Varneys, Nancy Denton arguing with her Varney godfather who thought Greek, Hebrew, Latin and shorthand unfit acquirements for her sex, those "little partridges" the Porter children, the clever young Boyles, the nursery of the Norths, where there was always a bottle of small beer going for the children to refresh themselves with, and into which their mother would "steal slices of rhubarb and other medicinal things she thought fit for us . . . which saved the ungrateful importunity and reluctance between parents and children about physic," odious little Lucy Apsley (to grow into the self-righteous Mrs. Hutchinson) plucking to pieces her little friends' dolls, the "hoyting girl," Anne Harrison, (to become the charming Lady Fanshawe), the little Fairchilds, tied to table-legs and taken to look at gallows-birds, (here they make a happier appearance, reading "pretty Sunday books" and supping on fruit), Miss Edgeworth's bullied Rosamond, Sandford and Merton, poor little Lady Jane Grey, pinched and prodded by her parents and loving her kind tutor—all the rest of the little victims who have emerged into history through memoirs, letters, biography and fiction. Mr. Kemball Cook* gives us snippets of many of these familiars, adding to them new material from his own late Victorian nursery days, and other entertaining extracts. But this anthology is concerned less with the behaviour and reactions of children than with their treatment by adults; the children are the dumb receiving end of the age-long drive to condition them into what their elders have desired that they should be. Looking through five or six centuries of admonitory prose and verse aimed at children, one gets a baffled sense of a great unheard crowd of little creatures, whose reactions, thoughts, dreams, and individual and tribal lives are unplumbed; a mob of inarticulate shades. They never talked back; books of admonition addressed to parents are lacking. To-day, of course, things have changed; children are investigated, analysed and exhibited; if seldom with skill or success, at least the intention is praiseworthy, the methods painstaking. We are told not what children ought to be, but what their commentators believe that they are; the children, feeling small interest, pursue their private affairs and still say nothing.

Not that people have not, in all periods, related memories of their childhood, and from these Mr. Kemball Cook has assembled a good many extracts. There are embittered reminiscences of early schooldays; of these the best worded, as might be expected, is Edward Gibbon's comment on "the removal of a child from the luxury and freedom of a wealthy house to the frugal diet and strict subordination of a school; from the tenderness of parents to the rude familiarity of equals, the insolent tyranny of his seniors, and the rod perhaps of a cruel and capricious pedagogue." After quoting Lord Shaftesbury, Cowper, Coleridge, Jane Eyre, and other unfortunates, Mr. Cook comments on "a curious habit of autobiographers, in the crying down of preparatory schools. It is a well-known trait of boyhood to exaggerate the rigours of school life." Are the rigours of home life also exaggerated? There are in this volume some shocking examples of these—eighteenth century little girls forced to wear blackboards and iron collars all day for years on end, fed on dry bread and cold milk, never allowed to sit in their mother's presence. No wonder that Mrs. Sherwood, thus reared, took it out later on the little Fairchilds. Parents as well as teachers believed firmly in the rod; the young Norths, though they had, Roger North admitted, stubborn spirits, knew it was no use to contend with their mother, for she had always the best of it, and "would reduce to termes by the smart of correction, and which was most grievous, would force us to leave crying and condiscent to the abject pitch of thanking the Good Rail which she said was to breake our spirits which it did effectually." The North children would have envied Charles James Fox, a century later, whose father Lord Holland, modern and indulgent in a ferocious age, wrote "Let nothing be done to break Charles's spirit; the world will do that business fast enough." An unusual parent. Discipline, after the eighteenth century, became gradually less ruthless; but even in early Victorian days children were usually well kept under. The worst day of the week was apt to be Sunday, which has a formidable chapter to itself. Prolonged church-going, the lack of games and activities, uncomfortable Sunday clothes, the atmosphere of piety, could make the day of rest and gladness a torment. Even as late as the mid-Eighties, when surely in most households laxity had set in, no games were allowed in Mr. Cook's family, and the main amusement was the solving of scriptural puzzles in a Sunday paper. In spite of this, Mr. Cook enjoyed the day.

Undoubtedly children have been pestered down the ages. Even loving parents have pestered. When the children have grown too old to beat, their elders gave them good advice and instruction on Deportment. Of that vast stream of printed admonition which poured forth from the Middle Ages on (and still trickles), Mr. Cook selects only a few samples, all from the eighteenth century—Lord Halifax's and Dr. Gregory's advice to their daughters, Lord Chesterfield's to his son, Mrs. Chapone's to young ladies in general. All these deal in manners and morals; they do not descend to the details with which earlier "books of nurture" had concerned themselves, such as meal-time behaviour, not blowing the nose with the tablecloth or picking teeth, nails, noses and ears, scratching the head, and gnawing bones. Is there to-day any of this admonitory literature for the young? Judging by the number of irritated adults who write to the papers about the ill manners of children, there is room for it.

Mr. Cook has a chapter on children's books; he follows Mr. Hervey Darton in deriving most English fairy-stories from Perrault's collection; it seems at least as likely that they had been international property for several centuries; most of them are found, in one form or another, all over the world. Charles Lamb complained that fairy stories had been driven out by "Mrs. Barbauld's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense," which cluttered up the bookshops. The chivalric romances which had delighted little John Milton ("those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood") and innumerable boys and girls before and after him, were, in the discouraging wave of eighteenth-century piety, displaced by Moral Tales. Even highly readable stories about children, such as Miss Edgeworth's *Rosamond*, carried this blight. But children read and enjoyed them; the voracious creatures will read anything, and can take morals in their stride. It was probably their parents who revolted first; some Victorian parents crossed out in their children's books what they considered foolish pious remarks. Left to themselves, children may be bored but not worried by such intrusions; unperturbed, they skip them. Neither do they object to the violent and the macabre, and the misfortunes which visit those of whom they read do not unduly discourage them. The Fairchild thrashings, Mrs. Crabtree of *Holiday House* and her tawse, Edward caught by the chin on a meat-hook, Harriet burned to death, children devoured by wolves while playing in woods, drowned while fishing, dying of fevers, run over in the street, Lord Edward locked in mortal combat with a bear, blacks chased and caught by lions, all the grisly occurrences of *Reading Without Tears*, were (possibly are?) perused with eager pleasure, undiminished by the added comment (often erased in pencil by some disapproving adult of the past) that the souls of these victims of catastrophe went to Jesus.

Were they happy days? Are they now? The answer must vary from child to child, even in the same family. Turning our telescopes down the centuries, we see the miniature figures, like *putti* on a frieze, gambolling, weeping, laughing, poring over books, backboarded, thrashed, running, climbing, playing at football, stoolball, cricket, barley-break, cherry-pit, rounders, marbles, chuck farthing, trap and ball, dolls, hide and seek, all the cheerful sports of their age; they go nutting, bird's-nesting, exploring, riding, swimming; they are Red Indians, soldiers, cowboys, pirates, knights, detectives, bandits; life is now high drama, now a tedious plod, now a nightmare of terror, rage or despair. A family of brothers and sisters is like a tribe of savages, held together by secret codes, secret adventures, communal aspirations, pleasures, plots and vendettas; it is a kind of *maquis*, pursuing a large part of its life underground. It has its loyalties, its feuds, its cruelties, its boycottings, its jealousies, its close companionships. Its story has seldom been written from within; most reminiscences of childhood have been by solitary children (who usually have a more adult consciousness, and sooner), and the relationships dwelt on have been rather filial than fraternal. Some writers have got near this gang life—Charlotte Yonge (with all her limitations), George Eliot's Tom and Maggie Tulliver (with that admirable jealousy scene in which Maggie pushes Lucy into the pond), a few nineteenth- and twentieth-century writers, Kenneth Grahame, Katherine Mansfield. But on the whole the family life of children is a deep, unexplored jungle. Certainly no one before the Victorians attempted to explore it. School life has been far more written up; perhaps because its relationships are more conscious, more exciting. Family life is primitive and instinctive: a set of ungrown persons, all different from one another, yet with a natural bond and a common tribal outlook, find themselves herded together in a community (accepted as the natural order since it is all they remember), to get on or fall out as best they may, rivals, companions and allies, two sometimes linked in conspiratorial malice against a third, grudges nursed and scores paid, secrets, adventures, scrapes and jokes shared, pocket-knives stolen, books hidden, blows exchanged, envies rankling, magazines edited, novels and dramas composed. It is not, like much of school life, a romantic melodrama; but it is rooted in a deeper complex of relationships and stretches tougher more enduring branches through later life.

Neither Mr. Kemball Cook's nor any other anthologies of childhood explore this jungle; they deal with the treatment of the child by authority, his games, tasks, punishments, and external behaviour, his early memories of parents, nurses and school, what he wore, read, ate, how he spent Sunday. They are entertaining and instructive; much more so than books on child psychology, which are usually inept through ignorance, dogmatism and false assumptions. Children, more unlike one another than adults, since less long moulded by life into uniformity, cannot be generalised about. Neither are they necessarily (any more than adults) individually interesting. But their explory still waits. To read that they chased the rolling circle's speed and urged the flying ball has interest; it would have more, if we knew in what spirit each did so, what they imagined the hoop and the ball to be, what howling wolves pursued them, what ogres prowled about to kidnap them, what jam they stole from the larder, and with what subsequent remorse, their hearts of furious fancies, their disordered emotions. For these shall the fury Passions tear, the vultures of the mind, disdainful anger, pallid fear and shame that skulks behind; or pining love shall waste their youth, or jealousy with rankling tooth . . . And all that.

Meanwhile, such illustrations as are here collected of the habits and history of these so often bullied and victimised little creatures are to be welcomed.

ROSE MACAULAY

* *Those Happy Days.* By HARTLEY KEMBALL COOK. *Allen and Unwin* 7s. 6d.

THE COLLECTIVE WITNESS

War Report. A Record of Dispatches Broadcast by the B.B.C.'s War Correspondents with the Allied Expeditionary Force, 6th June, 1944—5th May, 1945. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Operation Neptune. By COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

European Victory. By JOHN D'ARCY DAWSON. *Macdonald.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Build the Ships. The Official Story of the Shipyards in Wartime. *H.M. Stationery Office,* 1*s.*

Although from reading the papers, listening to the news, going to films like *The True Glory*, each of us must have pieced together some such panorama of invasion, *War Report* unrolls its violence as though for the first time. Here, once again, are the minute-to-minute descriptions from a score of danger spots: the glider crashing into a ditch on D-Day, the hurricane ripping the *Warspite* from end to end as its guns pour shells on the Atlantic Wall, the first encounter with flame-throwers, the moment of setting out across the Rhine—probably you remenber this moment—

> . . . we've reached the water's edge and we see the Rhine—not running, as we thought it would, bright under the moon, but running red; because right on the opposite side of the village every single house and haystack you can see is burning, beaten down by the fury of our barrage. We can't tell whether there's anything coming at our boys: we hope all the stuff that we hear is going into Germany, the German positions; but in this thunder of the guns and the tracers that beat all around us, it's impossible to tell which way things are going. We know which way we are going; we are going now to the German shore. It will take us about three minutes, and believe me every minute's going to seem a year. . . .

Inspired reporting, and it excites at this distance of months not only because we go back in memory to circumstances of a year ago: there are scores of other passages which I missed hearing and which score as vividly. Tanks, German tanks, with German voices, halting outside the window. The break-through at St-Martin. Cologne fired from the air. Liberated Paris, with carpets hung out for flags, and Nazis coming up from the Métro to snipe after dark. The hit Liberty ship. Arnhem. The dreary last weeks of November, 1944, that clamped down on our elation—

> In the icy dawn, over the flat lands of the river areas, which thick white frost has turned into a semblance of a great salt-lake, dense, drab columns of transport roll towards the front by every road. They roll between the bare trees of the avenues, beside the withered edges fringing the lakes and swamps, they rumble over the ugly military bridges that span the swollen streams and then they climb into the hills and cold squalls of rain sweep down on them and drench them, and then the rain suddenly gives place to snow—blanketing, blinding snow, or a cruel, driving sleet that cuts the soldiers' faces and freezes in solid sheets on the windscreens of the trucks. The drivers drive with bare, red hands—the gloves can't grip the slippery wheel that whirls this way and that with every bump and pot-hole, and every slithering skid on the icy road. On they go, these urgent, endless columns . . . .

And so on, illuminated by pinpoints, the whole story from Normandy beaches to Berlin. There never was such reporting before, and *War Report* (but one would prefer a less unyielding title) doesn't repeat the error of *The True Glory* by attempting an Elizabethan framework. Poetry and reporting seldom mix; here, in any case, is elevation enough without artifice. The frame work of *War Report*—introduction, chapter divisions and connecting narrative by Mr. Desmond Hawkins—is admirably and justly factual. To him and to his co-editors we must be grateful for the final excellence of this new adventure in history. The reporters themselves—twenty-seven in number—are too many to name, but it may be said of them collectively that their work couldn't have been better done. Two of them died in action. Not the least of their achievements was the cool transmission of courage.

Operation Neptune and *European Victory* follow older fashions in journalism, but both—and especially the first—have exciting detail to impart. "Neptune"—the naval share of invasion—was planned and even overplanned years ahead: no wonder, seeing that in the event 702 warships and 24 flotillas of minesweepers were engaged. Commander Edwards deals with every phase of preparation and achievement, including the Mulberries, Gooseberries, Plutos and other queer-named operations which played so essential a part in reinforcing our beach-heads. We are made to realise, perhaps for the first time, the importance of the weather. Not only did a northwester almost postpone invasion itself, but the gales of June 19th brought chaos to Mulberries and the boats inside them, and during a fortnight 118 craft were lost through bad weather as against 27 by enemy action. In addition, the naval threat from the East was more persistent and varied than reports suggested at the time; human torpedoes achieved some initial success; and these were supplemented by "dummy" torpedoes with cardboard figures attached, circling torpedoes that could travel for ten hours at six to nine knots, and explosive motor-boats. The most astonishing fact that emerges from this narrative is that even the preliminary minesweeping of the Channel did not give away our objective to the Nazis; at the last moment they appear to have been more afraid of an attack on Norway. The book is dedicated to the late Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, who was responsible for planning and carrying out this most important of all naval operations in the war.

Mr. D'Arcy Dawson (correspondent of the *Sunday Times*) crossed the Channel a week after D-Day, followed the battles of Caen and St. Picon, entered Paris ahead of the Americans, joined the rush to Brussels, had a grandstand view of the Rhine crossing, and celebrated the victory in hospital with a fever caught at Belsen. In and out of front lines and headquarters he has an exciting story to tell, and he is a sharp if not always convincing critic of military affairs. Thus, he asserts that both in tanks and in anti-tank guns the enemy had us hopelessly beaten for quality, and that this deficiency cost many lives. Whether his argument is true or not remains to be seen, but one would pay more attention to it if some of his incidental comments were less irresponsible and prickly. For example, in one passage praising the high efficiency of our armies, he says it takes a long time to train good N.C.O.s because a "spoon-fed existence during the peace years overlaid any natural initiative." Spoon-feeding is hardly the *mot juste* for years which included the slump and the dole-queue. Probably in those years Mr. D'Arcy Dawson benefited from having a bigger spoon than the average future N.C.O.

Build the Ships is the official story of British shipyards in wartime. No doubt its imperative still holds, but why wasn't this energetic little account published during the war? The photographs reach the usual high standard of these Government pamphlets, and the text, by Mr. V. S. Pritchett, does more than its expected job. His first chapter, especially, which plumps us down in a Sunday lunch-hour, to listen to the men talking and to watch hands and faces, is reporting of a vivid order, and the descriptions of processes fascinate. "Four men are turning a boiler top slowly round. One side of it is as red as a raspberry and almost as soft; the hydraulic press is coming against it and squeezing the red-hot metal. They are flanging the boiler." Mr. Pritchett has Dickens's relish for a busy scene, and a more than Dickensian sympathy for the passions and skills involved. Almost alone among living writers he can *imagine*—and not merely see—the work that makes the wheels go round.

G. W. STONIER

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Apologia Pro Vita Sua. By CARDINAL NEWMAN. With an introduction by MAISIE WARD. *Sheed and Ward.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

John Henry Newman. By JOHN MOODY. *Sheed and Ward.* 15*s.*

In the virtues of his prose, Newman is unsurpassed—perhaps, indeed, unequalled—by any other English writer of the nineteenth century. (De Quincey is less sustained, Landor more monotonous.) Newman's character, moreover, so fascinating, so enigmatic, remains of acute interest. His conversion made the year 1845 a crucial date in the history of English thought, and very properly his co-religionists have been celebrating the centenary of this great victory.

The new reprint of the matchless *Apologia* follows the edition of 1865, and is therefore less valuable to the general reader than the edition produced by the Oxford Press in 1913, which contains the correspondence between Newman and Kingsley, Kingsley's pamphlet, *What, Then, Does Dr. Newman Mean?* and an introduction by Wilfrid Ward. For, in the 1865 edition, Newman omitted his detailed replies to Kingsley's accusations. Miss Maisie Ward thinks that "the sure instinct of an artist" was largely responsible for the omission of these passages which she dismisses as "journalism." They seem to me, I confess, supreme examples of the art of controversy, retorts sped from a pen as powerful as Burke's and envenomed with an irony as lethal as Gibbon's. The changes therefore are surely better attributed to a care for charity. Such good men as Hort were sincerely shocked by the gusto with which Newman exposed Kingsley's calumnies, a gusto as alarming as it is dazzling. Dart after dart is planted in the shoulders of the charging bull in order to achieve the final and exquisite *coup de grâce* in what the Spaniards call "the moment of truth." Lytton Strachey, in a famous passage, compared Newman to a dove, helpless beneath the swoop of Manning's talons. Never was comparison more infelicitous. When Newman submitted, it was never for lack of the wherewithal to fight.

In the controversy with Newman Kingsley put himself in the wrong from the first. If he felt, and declared, that Newman could not be as credulous as he pretended to be, it was because to a gross, unintellectual temperament like Kingsley's the Berkeleian philosophy must seem a mere toying with words. Newman, on the other hand, was to a most unusual degree, and emotionally as well as intellectually, sceptical in his attitude to phenomena; and this scepticism led him to accept without difficulty such stories as that of the Flying House of Loreto, stories which educated Catholics now regard as pious legends. This frame of mind was far outside Kingsley's comprehension. Nor did he ever perceive that, latitudinarian though he was, he accepted, merely because they were familiar, beliefs that to a rationalist would seem as fantastic as Newman's. (Indeed, the Gospel miracles are supported by incomparably less weighty evidence, humanly speaking, than those of Lourdes.) In this controversy therefore Kingsley was not, as is sometimes supposed, merely less skilful: he was defending a hopeless position.

Among the other books celebrating the centenary is a new life of Newman by Mr. John Moody. Some of the most brilliant pens in England are at the service of the Catholic Church; and one might expect that so important a task as the reconsideration of Newman would be handled with the scholarship and skill that it merits. But it is difficult to find any excuse for this book. It reveals, so far as I can discover, no new fact; it throws no new light on facts already known; it lacks all distinction of style. Mr. Moody moreover betrays in small matters a surprising ignorance of the background to his subject: he informs us that Hampden was Provost of Oriel; that Newman was intimate with Acton; that Bishop Wilberforce remained all his life a rigid Evangelical!

Still more serious, he offers a hagiographer's view alike of Newman and Manning, reminding us of those polychrome plaster images which too frequently disfigure Catholic churches. He talks of Newman's "innate humility," whereas the evidence suggests that pride was the besetting sin, against which the great man was incessantly fighting. ("I have generally got on well with juniors but not with superiors"—does not this admission go far to explain the repeated disappointments in his career?) Mr. Moody minimises both the violence of Newman's opposition to the Infallibility Decree and the bitter, mutual, never appeased hostility between him and Manning. What can be the use of such edulcoration? Quite apart from the indiscretions in Purcell's Manning, we have the series of admirable books by Wilfrid Ward; and Abbot Cuthbert Butler in his life of Bishop Ullathorne treated the Newman-Manning relationship with an exemplary blend of erudition, justice and charity.

One of the most disconcerting instances of Mr. Moody's light-hearted approach to history is to be found on pp. 205 and 206, but it is not easy to pin this down without longer quotations than I can allow myself. He is discussing *Newman's Letter to E. B. Pusey*. In a book optimistically named *An Eirenicon* Pusey had denounced, with examples, an excess of Mariolatry. Mr. Moody says "That the famous Dr. Pusey, eminent as a scholar and a student, sincerely believed that the Catholic Church taught all this utterly astonished Newman." Poor ignorant Dr. Pusey, the reader will conclude. But what in fact astonished Newman was the catena of quotations from Catholic writers with which Pusey had supported his denunciation. "They seem to me like a bad dream," Newman remarked. (These words are represented only by dots in Mr. Moody's quotation.) And (again omitted) "They do but scare and confuse me." And, finally (again omitted), "As spoken by man to man, in England, in the nineteenth century, I consider them calculated to prejudice enquirers, to frighten the unlearned, to unsettle consciences, to provoke blasphemy, and to work the loss of souls." Newman was justified, of course, in denying all theological authority to the doctrines denounced. At the same time, it is not Pusey's ignorance but Newman's that utterly astonishes. For a number of these scaring, blasphemy-provoking quotations came from the works of Fr. Faber, a fellow-Oratorian. Mr. Moody's account of this matter cannot be accused of actually misstating the facts, but his turns of phrase and his omissions seem likely to mislead readers who do not know the documents. Throughout the book, indeed, the attempt to edify defeats itself. Anyone venturing to write on a man so passionately concentrated as Newman upon the pursuit of truth, by precision of language, should make it his first care, as Wilfrid Ward did, to avoid even the faintest appearance of disingenuousness.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

BEOWULF

Beowulf in Modern Verse. With an essay and pictures. By GAVIN BONE. *Blackwell*. 15s.

Some three years ago we had the mingled pleasure and pain of reviewing the essay on Anglo-Saxon poetry by Gavin Bone—pleasure because the book was competent and delightful, pain because the author had already died at the age of thirty-two, with his work only just begun. But he had left behind an essay on *Beowulf* and a verse translation, and these are now issued in a single beautiful volume of a hundred pages.

Neither essay nor translation had been finally revised, and they must be judged accordingly. In any case we owe them gratitude, for they have induced us to take down our old copy of the epic and to read once more the story of Beowulf's fight with Grendel's mother and the almost equally exciting tale of his swimming match with Breca; and we felt once again that everyone with "Nordic" blood in his veins should be familiar with this grand old poem, which deals in English with the adventures of a Scandinavian hero.

But not everyone has the time or the knowledge to read it in the original; for, though the language is English, it is as strange to us as modern Norwegian or German, and has to be learnt with grammar and dictionary. Most people, therefore, will have to content themselves with translations, and here comes the difficulty; for there are as many ways of translating *Beowulf* as of translating the *Odyssey*, and every single one of them is right in the eyes of the translator. There is first the question of metre. In the original each line is divided into two parts by a strong and unalterable break in the middle:

Bidan wolde; brimwylm onfeng,

and alliteration is practically indispensable. "Kennings"—peculiar metaphors—occur constantly, though not often, perhaps, as riddling as the Icelandic kenning for king—"the despiser of the flame of the street of the hawk"—a hint to the chief to give the scop or bard the flaming gold ring on his wrist.

With all this goes constant repetition, reminding us of the repetitions in Hebrew poetry—Why do the nations rage, and the peoples imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth stand up, and the rulers take counsel together—and, like the Hebrew, the English contrives to give the effect of brevity.

All this, in the original, has an intensely powerful appeal; but it becomes clumsy and feeble when directly transferred to modern English. Translators, therefore, usually try to provide something not identical with the original, but capable of producing the same effect as (in their view) the original produced on its first auditors. Some give the task up in despair, and have recourse to the literality of prose. Gavin Bone's method is his own—what we might call a kind of rhyming blank verse in loose quatrains, which the reader will find exemplified in the quotation we give later.

And yet, after all, the first essential of a translation of a poem is that it should itself be poetical. It is true that Bentley was right in telling Pope that he had made a very pretty poem, but must not call it Homer; nevertheless it would have been still more un-Homeric if the pretty poetry had been altogether absent. Knowing, then, that *Beowulf* is poetry, and often of a high order, the first thing we ask of Gavin Bone must be "Is your version poetry?" and this is a question which the man who cannot read the original may be as able to answer as a Professor of Anglo-Saxon. Should the answer be favourable he may, if his circumstances allow, go on to other points. But here is a specimen from which he may form a preliminary judgment. It is from the Fight with Grendel's Mother.

After these words the Weder-Geat chief
Hastened with spirit, not to wait reply:
The whelming brim received him brief.
It was great part of day ere bottom he could spy.
But the one who still did keep
For half a hundred years,
Grim and greedy, the compass of the deep,
Found that a man from above was trying to get in
The nest of ill creatures. Then she clutched at him, and wound
The man in desperate grips, but reached not to harm
His yet-whole body; the links protected him round
That she could not get through the locked shirt on the arm
With her hostile fingers. The she-wolf of the mere
As she came to the bottom, bore and blustered him
To her courts, that he, though strong, could not drag clear
His weapons; but many horrors clustered at him,
Many beasts of the wave, his sark of war to-burst

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X-ray inspection of castings and welds instantly reveals internal faults . . . often enables the cause to be diagnosed and remedied . . . avoids costly machining of faulty parts.

★ *Radiography enabled makers of above casting to find cause of flaws and cut rejects from 18% to under 1%. Can radiography help YOU?*

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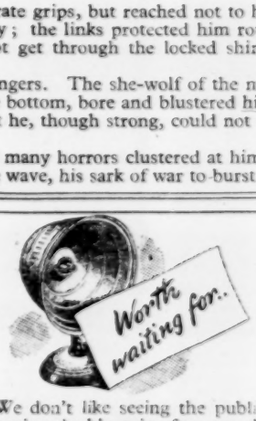

We don't like seeing the public paying double price for second-hand "Homesun" lamps or seeing them buy obsolete or inefficient sunlamps. We look forward to producing a new and even better "Homesun"—*at not more than pre-war prices either*—whenever the export situation allows. Meanwhile, don't rush to buy just any kind of so-called ultra-violet lamp: the best is worth waiting for. And if your physician tells you your case needs sunray treatment urgently, write for details of our Prescription Model.

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THE SPECIALIST MAKERS OF SUNRAY LAMPS

H.53-196

With battailous tusks : they crowded hot
At the soldier.
Then saw the hero first
That he was in some enemy hall—I know not what—
Where no water hurt him, nor, in the roofed hall, might
The flood touch him with sudden drench.
Then he saw firelight—a strong flame shine bright—
By that the brave man found the bottom-wench,
The pond-wolf mighty ; his sword he sped
With vigour behind it—hand withheld not its dash—
That the ring-iron sang on her head
A greedy song of war. But the battleflash
(As found the stranger) bit, nor would attain
Her life—the edge at need betrayed its master ;
Though once hand-meetings many it did sustain
Cutting helmets, dress of men fated to disaster ;
This was the first time reputation failed
The dear treasure.

If this, in its rough kind, is not poetry, what is ?

It remains to praise the exquisite production of the little volume : page 15, for instance, is a model of the printer's art. The pictures are original and full of interest, one or two being curiously reminiscent of Picasso's studies for Guernica.

E. E. KELLETT

FOOD PRODUCTION

The Reconstruction of World Agriculture. By KARL BRANDT. *George Allen and Unwin.* 21*s.*

No better proof of the failure of economic nationalism or, as some might argue, of the profit motive, could be wanted than that which was furnished by the world food situation before the war. Farmers in this country subsidized to produce wheat and sugar while Canada and the West Indies could not sell their outputs ; Brazil burning its coffee crops ; the United States paying farmers not to produce hogs ; at the same time, millions in India and China living far below the level of reasonable subsistence, and dying from time to time in thousands from starvation. To-day, the war being over, we are told that the world is short of food, and that famine stares whole nations in the face.

It was with the object of improving standards of nutrition throughout the world that the United States, acting on British suggestions, arranged for a United Nations' Conference on Food and Agriculture. This Conference, held at Hot Springs, Virginia, in 1943, declared its belief that there had never been enough food produced for the health of all people, but that freedom from want of food suitable and adequate for the health and strength of all could be achieved. As to the organization to secure these results, it was implicit in the Report of the Conference that steps should be taken for the orderly production of food throughout the world, dictated by the natural advantages of countries in the production of specific commodities so as to secure the maximum quantity at the minimum cost, the primary cause of hunger and malnutrition being poverty. These conclusions are so reasonable, and the advantages which would follow their enforcement are so obvious, that it is not surprising, perhaps, that the world has heard nothing more about them.

Dr. Karl Brandt, Professor of Agricultural Economics, in the Food Research Institute at Stanford University, California, does not expect any sweeping changes arising from international agreements, but he writes hopefully of the future. His book, which was written a year or more before the end of the war, opens with a survey of the experiences of world agriculture during the first world war, and it proceeds to a detailed account of the progress of the production of food and raw materials, country by country, during the inter-war years. His observations on agriculture during the demobilization period are anticipations, of course, but they are based upon changes in exports and imports brought about by war. Britain, for example, should have little need, he suggests, to return quickly to the pre-war level of imports, because " domestic production has been boosted and the diet adjusted," and he thinks that what most people will want is a return to white bread and more meat, eggs, bacon and fruit. His views on the future of food production deserve careful examination. While condemning the corruption of society in the totalitarian past, he pays tribute to the skill, the invention and the resource with which those countries organized their farm management, particularly in the thorough organization of agricultural markets. Political democracy, he believes, requires an expansive economy, which will be accompanied by improvements in the efficiency of human labour. Such an expansion calls for a reduction in the agricultural sector of the economic system. The wealth of nations can only be improved by diminishing the proportion of people employed in food production and he demolishes the " agricultural fundamentalists, romanticists, and agrarianists who deny this axiomatic truth." The chief expansion of the world economy must occur in the spheres of industry, commerce and professional services. Only thus can rural poverty be overcome.

Any plan to deprive Germany of her key industries and to force her back into a peasant economy, Professor Brandt regards as little else than the expression of the popular desire for vengeance. It could only undermine the foundations of future peace. He is quite clear, too, about the paramount need of Britain for increased industrial exports, and he sees in " the import of food, feed and fibers " one of the most promising approaches to the opening of foreign markets for our industrial goods. He looks to the new interest in nutritional work and to progressive public policies for improving public health by better balanced diets, to bring benefits to British farming in peace time. He is right, almost certainly, but farmers will take a lot of convincing.

C. S. ORWIN

Week-end Competitions

No. 842

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Six guineas are offered for clerihews about articles of clothing. Entries by March 26.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 839

Set by Critic

Early in the war (I told this story in the London Diary at the time on the authority of a well-known Chinese official), an air-raid warden knocked at the door of a house in a disreputable street and complained to the woman who opened it that there was " a chink showing in a window upstairs." The woman said : " Oh no, Sir, it's not, really. It's a gentleman from the Japanese Embassy."

The usual prizes are offered for stories, to be told in not more than 100 words, which, like the above, are true or near true, and which arise and are only capable of arising, from conditions in the late war.

Report by Critic

The difficulty of choosing prize-winners among the hundred and fifty entries sent me was that almost all the best of them have a more or less chestnutty flavour. I found it necessary to be even more than usually arbitary.

Easily the best story sent in is true, but I have decided that it must be disqualified as a prize-winner by the fact that it was printed long ago in Critic's diary. It describes the occasion on which a group of ladies whose job it was to read, for security reasons, letters on the more recondite languages. One of these ladies reported to the colonel that she could not understand one of the letters. " I think it must be

PEARL
ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
A YEAR OF PROGRESS
(figures taken from Annual Report just published)

CLAIMS PAID in 1945	£11,524,619
ADDITION TO FUNDS in 1945	£7,985,706
TOTAL FUNDS	£144,793,930

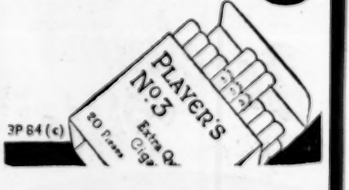
REVERSIONARY BONUSES declared for 1945 in both Branches (the bonus for 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943 and 1944 also being continued in the form of reversionary bonuses) :—

ORDINARY BRANCH—£1 per £100 sum assured on policies entitled to participate in full profits.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH—Amounts appropriate to the classes and dates of the policies concerned. £11,318,836 has now been allocated in bonuses in the Industrial Branch up to date, £3,590,193 having been allocated on this occasion.

HOME SERVICE TO POLICYHOLDERS
This was maintained throughout 1945 in spite of the absence of a large number of the staff on National Service. The Company looks forward to an extension of Home Service now that many of these trained representatives are returning.

Chief Offices : High Holborn, London, W.C.1
President and Chairman : Sir George Tilley, F.C.I.I.

Not ONCE . . .
nor TWICE . . . *but*
THRICE *happy*
are they who
smoke
PLAYER'S
NUMBER 3
THE EXTRA QUALITY CIGARETTE


written by a Lesbian." Whereupon the colonel looked round at his flock: "Really, very interesting. Does any lady here read Lesbian?" Another old story that seems to have nothing to do with the war is that of the man who played the bagpipes so badly that somebody from the back of the hall called out: "Sit down you son-of-a-bitch." To soothe the performer's feelings, the chairman asked who it was who had called the bagpipe player a son-of-a-bitch, to which a voice called from the back of the hall: "What we want to know is who called the son-of-a-bitch a bagpipe player." Among many Blitz remarks quoted there is the girl who told the warden who complained of a light left in a room: "Oh yes, I know, it's all right, Grandpa is dying. He won't be a minute." The story of the woman in a shelter who said: "This is as safe as houses," comes from the 1914 war—indeed, like some entries, I should not be surprised if it appeared in *Punch*. Then there is the batman who always found wood to burn, explaining when challenged that he had not brought part of the grand piano, "but one of them upright things we found in the cellar"; the inevitable lady who, for fear of showing a light could not open her window to allow a hosepipe to put out an incendiary bomb in the next room, and the warden who got his own back on a vinegary female who would not be tried on for a gas-mask by saying: "It doesn't matter, Missus, I see you have it on already." The story of the girls in the West-end store who were told that everyone must go down to a shelter unless they suffered from Claustrophobia and who then refused to go because, on looking Claustrophobia up in the dictionary, they found it meant "fear of confinement," has been too often told to deserve a prize. The same verdict must be passed on the story of the nun in a railway carriage in 1940, who, when asked if the train stopped at Aldershot, replied: "I am a fifth-columnist myself." Much more genuine is the old salt on a sea cliff, watching the battle of 1940 and remarking amid the bombs: "Do you know what I would do about that? I would make it illegal. That's what I would do." Better, but perhaps scarcely convincing, is the student who was escorting a middle-aged relative round an ancient university. "And this," he said, "is the Wren Library." "Really," said the relative, "I didn't know the W.R.N.S. was as old as that." I must also pity the fate of the butcher whose supplies of meat were lower than those of his rivals because he filled in his forms about pre-war sales in belief that they related to income-tax.

Towanbucket sent a long selection of stories which he culled from the press. Most of them were too familiar, but I liked his story from the first evacuation in 1939:

Small boy's first remark on entry in his billet in a Cheshire village: "Well, if I had known I was coming to a nice house like this, I would have brought my watch."

Or again, June, 1940:

Overheard in a Liverpool shop. A young girl buying some elaborate lacy undergarments, confiding to the saleswoman: "You see, if I am going to be bombed, I would like them to be as nice as possible."

He also quotes two women on a bus. One said:

"I had my little girl with me for the day. When I saw the bombs fall, I screamed out loud." "You never did." "Well," said the first woman, "it ain't the same as being bombed in your own home, is it?"

Finally, the prospective buyer in a small West Riding shop was standing over the stock of postcards. Sensing the disappointment at the lack of variety, the shopkeeper said: "Sorry, love, them is all we've got. The rude ones is rationed." Standing by itself is the entry of T. E. Casson, who declares that he read out to a friend the story about the "chink" which made its first appearance in the London Diary, adding that it came from Critic. "Oh," said the friend, "I didn't know that was in Sheridan." R. S. Jaffrey tells a diplomatic story that I would like to check up. He declares that when the British Ambassador in China was wounded by the Japanese, the Chinese Department responsible for security replied to the Foreign Office protest, in the correct flowery diplomatic language, to the effect that: "We can't do anything, but we don't object at your having a free shot at the Japanese Ambassador to China."

I at first discarded one of the most remarkable stories (sent by W. Alexander) in the belief that it was not even *ben trovato*. I then learnt that it was strictly true; I even heard at which A.R.P. station the incident occurred. The heroine is an Irish girl who knew nothing of the facts of life. The doctor to whom she told her symptoms informed her that she was pregnant. She indignantly denied it. Discovering her ignorance the Dr. supplied some elementary information. The girl interrupted him, saying: "Oh, please, do not say any more. I understand it all now. That horrid warden said it was artificial respiration."

The following is a chestnut, but worth repeating: This conversation took place at a wartime dinner-table in London:—

Hostess (to Polish soldier-guest): And have you any children, Captain Wilenski?

Pole: No, we 'ave none You see, my wife is inconceivable.

Hostess: Er—do you perhaps mean——?

Pole: I think I 'ave said ze wrong word. What I should say is, my wife is impregnable. (A moment's silence.) No, I see zat is not correct. (Triumphantly): Now I 'ave it. She is unbearable.

N. SIDDLE

Here is a further selection:

It was VE day; the Vicar had called on Mrs. Jones, who had lost a near relative early in the war. About to leave, he expressed his utter sympathy in the words, "Yes, it's been a bloody war, Mrs. Jones." More than pleased to hear the Vicar's expression of his feelings in her own vernacular, Mrs. Jones replied, "Yes it's been a bugger 'asn't it?"

JAN BRITTON

A doodle-bug fell on the East End of London and completely wrecked the house of the sole occupant, an old lady. A rescue worker managed to save her from the ruins, and offered her a drop of brandy from a bottle which he had found intact among the debris of her house. But the old lady shook her head. "No, thanks," she said, "you see. I'm keeping it for an emergency!"

MAX

From C. in C. Portsmouth, to Admiralty

Ref. Admiralty message of June 1st, 1942. A chaotic situation has arisen. Wrens are not allowed clothing coupons on the assumption that they receive uniform, but there is no uniform, and over 1,000 Wrens in Portsmouth command are still in plain clothes.

At one establishment new entry Wrens are now working in bare legs to save their own pair of stockings for walking out and in due course a large number of Wrens will be working in a state of nature, which on many grounds would be undesirable.

Admiralty Reply:

Give them Fighter escort.

ANNO DOMINI

Since Jack M—, in peacetime, was stage cum-general manager of a rather ragged and struggling Repertory Company, his life consisted of one major "crisis" after another. The war shifted him abroad, on Government service On the journey home the convoy in which his ship was sailing was attacked by enemy submarines; one of the other ships was sunk, and his own zig-zagged agonisingly to avoid a similar fate.

"What did I feel like?" he said afterwards, answering the eager questions of his friends "I'm not sure what I *felt* like, but dammit, what I *thought* was, thank God here's something I can't be blamed for!"

R. MARTIN

I award prizes of two guineas to Towanbucket and W. Alexander, and half-guineas to Jan Britton, Anno Domini, R. Martin, and R. S. Jaffrey.

Schools and Educational

BELTANE School, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Progressive co-educational school, 5 to 18 years. High academic standards.

BURGESS Hill School. Day, co-educational from 5—18 years. Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3.

HALL Manor. A Modern School. Combining the best of the old with the best of the new in educational method. Co-educational. Apply: The Sec., Hall Manor, Peebles.

HILLGROVE School, Bangor, sane education for boys and girls, age 5–13. Good food, Grad. staff, happy atmosphere, mod. terms. C. S. Chapman, M.A. (Oxon.), Headmaster.

HURTWOOD School, Peaslake, Guildford. Co-educational day and boarding to 14 yrs. Constructive outlook. Tel.: Abinger 119.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 5-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

WENNINGTON School (Co-ed., boarding and day 8–18), now at Ingmanthorpe Hall, Wetherby, Yorks. Much improved amenities. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford. 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities; self-governing community. Apply, Miss Lee, M.A.

Personal

LOST Address. Mr. Williams please send no more copies to Thompson.

PRIVATE Coach available. Matric. standard, Engl., Literature, History, etc. Box, 769 Aldridge's, 1 Whitefriars St., E.C.4.

ROTARIAN.—"Your postal course has shown me how to prepare a short interesting talk and how to deliver it." Details from Hilary Page, 66 Barkston Gardens, S.W.5.

PSYCHOLOGICAL consultations and treatment. Philip Humphreys, 5 Thurlow Sq., South Kensington, London, S.W.7. Ken. 8042.

SECULAR Education League, 43 Chandos House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. Send postcard for objects and literature.

Personal—continued

DELICIOUS Vintage Cider (dry and medium sweet) supplied in 6, 15, 30 and 60-gallon casks. Send stamped addressed envelope for price list, The Cotswold Cider Co., 11 Clarence Street, Gloucester.

BERMALINE. The Bread we all enjoy. Ask your Baker.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds. Colonic Irrigation. Rheumatism. MAY 1085.

MODERN books wanted. J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

"BRITAIN'S Birthrate," by F. J. Corina. A candid review of the population question. 48 pp., 1s. Order from your bookseller; or 1s. 1d. by post from Sunbeam Press, Holly Bank Gardens, Bradford.

"RUSSIAN Journey," by J. B. Priestley. Famous British writer's impression of post-war Russia. From all booksellers, 1s. Pubd. by Writers' Group of Soc. for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R., 98 Gower St., W.C.1.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon., mod., comfort.; fishing, tennis; splendid centre on main line from Paddington. Tel. Kingham 209.

BOURNEMOUTH'S loveliest private hotel, "Miramar," East Overcliff, reopens Easter. H. & C. basins, telephones all bedrooms, lift, lock-ups, night porter. Resident Proprietors. Bournemouth 1081.

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TO Let: Bed-sitting room, attractive Bloomsbury flat. Prof. man pref. Pied-à-terre arrangement considered. Box A4759

FURN. room/flatlet wanted (or member (woman) N.S. staff, central. Box A4729.

Company Meeting

ACHILLE SERRE LIMITED

(Dyers and Cleaners)

MR. F. M. L. FITZWILLIAMS, F.C.A., the Chairman and Managing Director, presided at the Annual General Meeting of Achille Serre Limited, held at Winchester House, London, on March 12th, 1946.

In the course of his speech he said:—

The Accounts for the year 1945 show a Trading profit of £58,730 after bearing the initial costs of transition to peacetime conditions, of developments of the business, the effects of a rocket bomb near to our Works, and the thanksgiving V-Day holiday periods.

After charging a total of £29,265 in respect of Taxation, £10,000 for deferred repairs, £7,225 for debenture service and War Damage Contributions of a non-recurring nature, and after transferring £10,000 to Plant Replacement out of Reserves no longer required, the Net Profit amounted to £7,968. Adding to this the amount brought forward of £3,317 there was a total to be dealt with of £11,285. A dividend of 10 per cent. less Income Tax, requiring £7,000, is recommended, against a dividend of 5 per cent. for the previous year, leaving to be carried forward the sum of £4,286.

There is a continued necessity to conserve liquid resources for appropriately planned post-war reorganisation and emphasise that the maintenance of a satisfactory level of profits is dependent on adequate supplies of skilled labour and of coal.

The most important asset of Achille Serre Limited—goodwill, an appreciating asset—is being built up on the high quality and improving service we offer. In addition to dyeing and dry cleaning, our special Retex process and our recently introduced D.D.T. moth proofing are becoming more readily available to meet the ever-increasing demands of our customers.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

Why you are able to cable **so confidently**

Here are some of the measures taken by Cable and Wireless during recent years to increase still further the efficiency of their telegraph services:—

AMPLIFIERS have been introduced on the cable system. The speed of the longest cable in the world (3,466 miles) has thereby been increased by 50 per cent. and now works at the rate of 175 words per minute.

DIRECT COMMUNICATION between far-distant countries has been established by apparatus which automatically relays messages from one cable to another.

THE 'DIRECT PRINTER' is used at the Company's most important stations. It is an instrument which simultaneously translates incoming electrical impulses into words and types out the message for delivery.

WIRELESS RELAY STATIONS have been built at various points abroad to ensure continuous world communication even when wireless beams fade owing to natural causes.

CABLE and WIRELESS

PIONEERS OF CHEAP COMMUNICATIONS

Cable and Wireless Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2

CVS-31